

# COUNTRY LIFE

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THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Mrs. Sacheverell-Bateman ...	541, 542
England's Heritage ...	542
Country Notes ...	543
The Delaying English Spring. (Illustrated) ...	545
A Leaf in Kew Gardens ...	548
The Source of London. (Illustrated) ...	549
Monumental Crosses. (Illustrated) ...	553
Some Humours of Pot-hunting.—II. ...	554
Bird-life in the Grampians. (Illustrated) ...	555
Country Home: Wenlock Abbey. (Illustrated) ...	558
The Corner Pool ...	564
In the Garden. (Illustrated) ...	566
A Book of the Week ...	567
Wild Country Life ...	568
From the Farms. (Illustrated) ...	569
Poems of the Window-pane ...	570
Shooting. (Illustrated) ...	571
On the Green. (Illustrated) ...	572
What is a Salmon Fly? ...	574
Correspondence ...	575

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## ENGLAND'S HERITAGE

IN one of his delightful sketches written in the early days of the nineteenth century, Washington Irving pokes gentle fun at the typical Englishman because of his being proud to be represented by the figure of John Bull. In those days John Bull, as now, was pictured as a stout, middle-aged gentleman in top boots, with a face of stolid respectability that can be made to look irate or jocund according to the wish of the caricaturist. Other nations have, at times, shown a certain amount of shame at the nickname they have received; but Washington Irving was surprised to find that the Englishman was extremely proud of this prototype, and that in his ordinary speech he referred to him with self-complacent pride. "I am a bit of a John Bull" was a common excuse put forth for his weaknesses and a modest way of boasting of his strength. "A bit of a John Bull" was used to explain a hundred prejudices and also as an apology for a certain obstinate waywardness characteristic of the nation. The Englishman of that period had no wish to idealise his representative. He took it as a matter of course that John Bull should be a little ordinary and commonplace, and, in fact, the very opposite of some of those ideal figures which the French have worshipped as embodying their highest aspirations. But latterly there has been a certain amount of decay in that spirit of self-complacency which excited the railery of our American visitors. The Englishman of very modern times has had instilled into him the quality of diffidence, and to be aggressive has been represented to him as amounting to vice.

On the Continent he is no longer "milord," but a very quiet, unostentatious traveller, who, far from airing his nationality, sedulously cultivates the manners of the place wherein he happens to be at the moment, and, if anything, is inclined to argue against the greatness of his own country. He is also more than ready to acknowledge the merit of those whom aforesaid he used contemptuously to designate as foreigners.

This modesty is commendable; but it would be dearly bought at the expense of that sense of greatness which used to belong to the nation. If there is any man living at the present time who is entitled to use the equivalent of the phrase *Civis Romanus sum* it is the Englishman; and at this moment, when the Colonial Conference is meeting in London, the fact is brought vividly before the imagination. There have been very great Empires in the history of the world, but none was so large or so free as this of ours. The former of these statements is at any rate indisputable. The men now in London have come literally from the ends of the earth, and collectively they represent a people which has spread over a greater part of the globe than ever was covered by any previous nationality or is likely to be again. Imagination fails to grasp the might and majesty of the British Empire, even when it is helped by the metaphor of the English *reveille* following the sun in its diurnal course. Nor is the magnitude of Empire lessened by the fact that its component parts are not bound together by the chains of conquest or victory. These are no tributary princes, such as used to be collected to grace the triumph of a Roman emperor, but independent rulers and representatives who have been chosen in open vote by men of our own blood to come to this country and discuss the management of the great Empire, of which it is the centre, on equal terms. The dominion of the King is a growth more than a conquest. Its territories, though they have been fought for by arms, and some have been the centres of prolonged warfare and great bloodshed, are far more the acquisition of those whom Rudyard Kipling calls "the legion that never was listed," the wanderers, explorers and others who, in pursuit of their own affairs, have carried the British flag into remote seas and hewn their way through dense forests into unknown lands, moved by the spirit of commerce and adventure far more than by any conscious desire to extend the limits of the English territory; and, to put a truth in the form of a paradox, it is because the bonds that unite the people of our blood are so light that they are so strong. In the course of this Conference they have called themselves "sister countries," and the phrase exactly expresses their proud and yet accurate attitude towards the Mother Country. In days long gone by our statesmen did not recognise this. They sat at Westminster and imposed duties and made laws as if the colonists were a subject people. Experience, if nothing else, has shown the futility of doing this, and now the representatives of the nation are called together not to hear laws promulgated by the English Parliament, but that they may take counsel and advice together.

It is not our business here to enter upon any discussion of the particular proposals that may be brought up for consideration. There are many keen minds in and out of the Press who are capable of going to the root of any suggestion that is made, and of realising its merits and demerits in hard and clear outline. Our special business is not to enter into the arena and fight over the projects that in practice get fashioned into their shape by being made the subject of discussion, but rather to find out what is the factor in the situation common to all deeds and to all parties. What this is can be very easily expressed. The aim of each individual must be assumed to be the prosperity of the Empire, whatever be the means chosen to achieve it. The driving power that gives energy to the individual parties is that sense of the greatness of the British Empire which we have inherited from our fathers and which it is our duty to hand on untarnished to the next generation. And without vainglory and mock modesty it is well that every citizen of the Empire should recognise its greatness, its freedom and its advancement in all civilised arts. We may readily admit that here a country has pushed forward a little further in one direction and another country has pushed forward a little further in another direction; but if a wide view be taken it must be conceded that Great Britain still holds her place in the van.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Sacheverell-Bateman. Mrs. Sacheverell-Bateman is the eldest daughter of Captain Edward Bridges, and the widow of Mr. H. A. Sacheverell-Bateman, of Morley and Etwell in the county of Derbyshire.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



# COUNTRY NOTES

**M**R. SYDNEY BUXTON, the Postmaster-General, may be congratulated on the arrangement made with Canada for a reduced rate on newspapers and magazines. Hitherto it has been a reproach to Great Britain that the King's subjects in the Dominion have been obliged to depend on the United States for their light literature, with the result that they have to a considerable extent been kept out of touch with thought and feeling in the Mother Country. The change that has now taken place ought to remedy this evil. The rate of postage on British newspapers, magazines and trade journals going to Canada has, practically speaking, been equivalent to 4d. per lb. This will be reduced to a rate of 1d. per lb. on each packet, the charge on packets not exceeding 20z. remaining at 4d. This reduction will place Great Britain in regard to Canada in as favourable a position as any other country. On his part the Dominion Postmaster-General undertook to carry free of ocean transit charges all British newspapers, magazines and trade journals sent from the United Kingdom to Canada by vessels under contract with the Canadian Government.

The British Post Office will thus be relieved of such transit charges, which amount to a little over 2d. per lb. Mr. Buxton's account of the arrangement was received in the House of Commons with satisfaction for reasons other than those that were sentimental. At present many English publications find their way to Canada through the United States, and in the course of their journey American are frequently substituted for English advertisements. This is a matter which very directly affects our trade journals, which will now go straight to the Canadians; in fact, looked at from any possible point of view, the lowered rate is bound to act beneficially. It places within reach of the Canadians publications that are much valued by them, and it opens up to the English publishers of all magazines and trade journals a new and important field for procuring readers.

Never have the facts about the hoppers been placed so definitely before the public as in the report which Dr. Reginald Farrar has made to the Local Government Board. He has made enquiries from the counties of Kent, Sussex, Worcester, Hereford, Essex and Hertford, and illustrated his remarks by means of plans and photographs. He does not say that the provision made for hop-pickers is altogether unsatisfactory, but suggests that the tents and other erections where they live should be brought more directly under the attention of the local medical officers of health and the inspectors of nuisances. He divides the hop-pickers into four classes, viz.: Home pickers, foreign pickers, gipsies and casual vagrants. How large the numbers of the first-mentioned are may be judged from the fact that in the Tonbridge Rural District in 1906 alone there were 12,000 of them, and 10,000 foreign pickers. As the former invited the visitors to share their lodgings it is scarcely necessary to add that there was a certain amount of overcrowding. The following figures show roughly the numbers employed annually: Kent, 74,748; Sussex, 2,550; Southampton, 1,599; Surrey, 200; Herefordshire, 13,900; Worcestershire, 13,359; Shropshire, 118. He considers it safe to estimate that about 100,000 hop-pickers, counting both adults and children, are annually employed. Of gipsies there are about 10,000, and he remarks that they are good pickers and in general fairly orderly. The most difficult class to deal with is that of the casual pickers, whose habits render them more or less a nuisance to the local authorities. The average hop-picker earns from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a day.

It seems to be rather late in the day to do so, but we cannot let the opportunity pass without a farewell to Lord Cromer, whose retirement from public life was the most melancholy event of the past week. One consolation is that Lord Cromer's resignation is not due in the slightest degree to party interference; it is only that his physical health is giving way after forty-nine years of public service. During his stay in Egypt Lord Cromer has been like a steadfast rock in the midst of surging party feeling. Whoever has been in power, he has steadily attended to the

interests of Egypt, and never been diverted from his path either by calumny or undue praise. The country, during the last hundred years has had no more steadfast or capable servant. We cannot grudge him the leisure of his last few years after the laborious days he has spent, and it is one consolation that his shoes will be filled in Egypt by a man who has been trained at his side and earned his approval.

Considerable doubt has been cast upon the accuracy of employment returns of the Board of Trade, as those who collect the figures are not Government officials, and the method leaves open many opportunities for error. Still, it is noteworthy that they correspond with the returns of trade and income, both of which show that in March the wave of prosperity continued to advance. This seems to have been the case in regard to employment. It shows an improvement both on February and on the corresponding month of last year. Perhaps the most satisfactory feature is that 500,000 workpeople have had their wages advanced, and the aggregate rise amounted to more than £25,000. Nor have there been an extraordinary number of trade disputes to waste this harvest; yet, although less time was lost than in February of this year or in March of 1906, it is disconcerting to reflect that the aggregate duration of all the disputes of the month, new and old, amounted to 105,400 working days. The mere statement of the fact shows what an immensely valuable economic result might be obtained through the reconciliation of labour and capital effected, say, by a Board of Arbitration, such as exists in one at least of our Colonies.

## A LILY.

It leaned from out the purple gloom,  
To meet the silence of the night,  
So frail in substance, rich in bloom,  
A prayer of peace—a shrine of light!

As though an angel from above  
Straying to earth a little hour  
Had veiled his face from mortal love,  
And passed into a silver flower!

ELEANOR NORTON.

At the dinner of the Horticultural Club on Tuesday night an exceptionally able lecture was delivered by Professor Bottomley on soil inoculation. It derived special interest from the fact that many of those who were present, either as guests or members of the club, have been making experiments with the preparation, and, as a matter of fact, samples of peas were shown taken from land of which part had been inoculated and part not. The striking fact about those that had been treated was the extraordinarily fine root-growth. However, interest in this subject is gradually shifting from what has been accomplished to what is still possible. Hopes were held out by the lecturer that within a reasonable time cultures will be prepared that can be applied with most beneficial effects to other plants, such as tomatoes and roses. The further development of the researches which Professor Bottomley and other men of science are pursuing will be eagerly looked forward to by all who are engaged in cultivating the soil.

A grave warning in regard to gooseberry mildew has been issued from the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. As far as the reports go, it would seem that this disease has been found in no other counties except those of Worcester and Gloucester; but it is said to be abundantly clear that the mildew has been present in certain centres of these counties for three or four years and has spread to many adjoining gardens, among which must be included some nursery gardens. If the owners of these last have not been particularly careful, it is very evident that the disease will be found in many other districts as the spring advances. Gooseberry-growers are therefore warned that they should watch the plants closely during the summer months, especially those bushes that have been recently bought, in order that the disease may be detected and dealt with at the earliest possible moment. It seems that the young shoots are most open to attack, and that generally, if not always, the disease has appeared in low-lying damp situations. Obviously, then, expert growers should direct their attention to the moist ground and the young wood.

The method of dealing with mildew recommended by the Board of Agriculture is that where the slightest suspicion of infection exists the bushes should be sprayed with a solution of liver of sulphur (potassium sulphide) from the time the leaves open until the fruit is set. Half an ounce to a gallon and a-half of water is the strength recommended for the first spraying, but it should be increased to half an ounce to one gallon of water for the second spraying. In some climates it has been found that a

were allowed to nest on the land. Consequently, the hand-rearing, or the rearing by the natural mothers and fathers in pens, and turning out on the land afterwards when more or less able to look after themselves, is about the only resource left. English owners have adopted the methods in some measure. The above writer, at all events, raises points of interest in every paragraph, and there are few, if any, who know more about partridges than he does.—Ed.]

#### PARTRIDGES LIKELY TO NEST EARLY IN SOME PLACES.

SO far as anything is evident in regard to the progress of the season in our changeable climate, it appears fairly clear that neither flora nor fauna will be at all early in their new growth this year. The partridge, for a particular reason, is likely to be an exception to this rule. It is very well known that the older birds begin nesting a week or ten days before the birds of the previous year. Last shooting season, owing to the lack of young birds, so frequently drowned in the drenching rains, which occurred soon after the hatching-out time, the stock left on a good many places consisted in a great majority of cases of the old birds. This means, of course, that old birds will be in the majority when nesting begins this year, and in consequence the nesting is rather likely to begin at an earlier date than usual on many estates. But the flora will in all probability be backward, so that these early nests will be very open and unprotected, and the keeper will have to exercise more than common vigilance in preserving them from the attacks of poachers. When the nests are thus bare of cover they give a positive invitation to the corvine birds with their egg-stealing propensities.

#### USELESSNESS OF IMITATION EGGS.

In such circumstances as these it is likely that more people than usual will be disposed to make trial of the plan, which certainly removes much of the risk to exposed nests, of conveying the eggs, after some four or five have been laid (it is hardly safe to do so before, for fear of causing the birds to desert), from the care of the proper parent, substituting for them infertile eggs hard boiled and kept from a former year for the purpose, placing the eggs so taken under a barn-door hen, and restoring them to the real mother (or at least a mother of their own kind) only when the chicks are beginning to chip the shell. This reduces the days of risk to a minimum. Seeing that a good deal of misconception still exists on the subject, it may be as well to say that we have not been able to hear of a single instance in which any of the artificial imitations of partridges' eggs have been received by the bird as the real thing. Such imitations appear to be in the market, and have been submitted to us for inspection from time to time, and look very much like the originals. The birds, however, never fail to discover the fraud. Pheasants' eggs will do as well as partridges' for the parent partridge to sit on, and perhaps eggs of many other kinds might do. It is an experiment we have not tried, and should like to hear whether it answers, if any of our readers have tried it. But the "dummy" egg is a dead failure. It is said that an egg too far gone—i.e., with the chicken too far developed—does not answer, the heat of the mother's body causing gases in it to expand and break the shell, with the probable result of making the bird desert the nest in which this occurs.

[Further notes on Shooting will be found on our later pages.]

## ON THE GREEN.

### PRINCE'S COURSE, SANDWICH.

SOME wonderful stories are told, and some wonderful nonsense is talked—if that is a strictly courteous way of speaking—about the distances on that new course of the Prince's Golf Club at Sandwich. The authorities allowed play over it at Easter, although it is understood that it is not yet opened formally. It is a long course; it may even be described as a course of "magnificent distances"; but to speak of it as a course of seven thousand yards and over (and it has so been estimated) is to estimate it as we estimate the drives which we are going to make; that is to say, not soberly. Its length, as we played it at Easter, was somewhere between six thousand three hundred and six thousand four hundred yards. There are back tees, which can be used if they are wanted, that will add another three hundred or four hundred yards, and although the estimate for the present course's length of seven thousand yards is altogether extravagant, there is space enough, if necessary, to extend it to seventeen thousand.

It may seem singular, since the actual distances are thus extensive, that the course has four short holes, which can be reached with anything from a full brassie shot to a half-iron shot, according to the wind, and all these short holes are very good. They are well guarded, so that if you do not play them with real accuracy you drop a stroke; and they are so laid out that you see the ground to them all the way, so that there is no deception—if you drop the stroke it is your own fault. You see not only the flag, but also where the flag-stick enters the ground every time. If one had to pick out a point on this course for special praise, I think it would be just this—that there are no blind approaches. I do not remember one single instance in which you do not see where the flag goes into the ground. That is an immense merit. As the green was laid out when we played on it at Easter (but it is to be remembered that it was all in the experimental stage) there were rather too many tee shots over flags on ridges, followed by the disappearance of the ball on the other side of the ridge; in effect, too many blind tee shots. Apparently this arrangement had been made in order to get "dog-leg" holes. Now dog-legs are very good things in their way, but you do not want too much dog-leg, still less do you want too much of the blind tee shot. But we are told that already tees have been made, though we did not play on them, which will obviate both the blindness and the "dog-legginess" at some three or four of these holes, leaving about two dog-legs, which is perhaps the ideal number.

If Satan had taken a personal interest in the destruction of the hopes of this new course he could not have provided weather better adapted to that end than the weather which has prevailed

since July, 1906. Mr. Lucas, who is secretary at the Prince's Club, and has worked with his hands, heart and head to get the course good, says that the greens were better in July, 1906, than at the beginning of April, 1907. And no wonder. The drought of the late summer of 1906 will be talked of in many parts of England for a long while to come. The early spring of 1907 has been hardly more favourable—hot, sunny days, with east wind, alternating with frosty nights when no grass could grow.



A BISHOP ON THE LINKS.

All through the drought of last summer they had no water on the greens of the new course. In the first week of April this year they were only just completing the apparatus for putting water on every green. Under the circumstances the putting greens were singularly good, and the going through the green still more remarkable. Naturally it was all rather rough, though from this statement we may except the through-the-green lies, which were always surprisingly good. The fact should be borne in mind that it is not supposed to be open for play yet, but no one can play on it—with intelligent eyes open—even in its trial state, and not see that it is a course with a great future. There are those who say that it is the course of the future; and in spite of the desperate conservatism of the golfer's heart, it is hard to say why they should not be right.

It will be asked, if there are four short holes, and the total is so large, what can be the length of the long holes? There is one which is really long; and certainly there are three holes in the course which no man, in the present slow-running state of



the ground, can possibly reach in two without great help from the wind. The second of two consecutive long holes takes you right out to the furthest point, the "turn" and the ninth hole, where you look over Pegwell Bay to Ramsgate. It is rather like the scene from the Eden green at St. Andrews, either on the old course or new; but more like the latter. Turning back, there are some rushes which will especially delight the old Westward Ho! player, for they are exactly like the assegais indigenous on that green, and will run into him and fester there quite in the well-known way. After such a sentimental reflection as this it seems grossly material to speak of the merits of the clubhouse. It is very pleasantly placed right on the shore, so that the sea is within a half-iron approach across the bents. The rooms are nice, but some day there will be a big squash in the dining-room. Strain on luncheon accommodation does not come, as a rule, from a number of players, because those drop in hungrily in succession as soon as they have finished their round, but from a number of spectators of a big match, who all come in clamorous for food at one moment. However, there is plenty of time yet for the Prince's Club to think of all that, and there is always (unless, indeed, it is blown away) such a thing as a tent. We may remember a certain amateur championship meeting at the St. George's Club when the wind was so furious that it overturned all the tents.

#### RECORD BREAKING AT ASHFORD MANOR.

THE weather about the Easter holiday time was most beautiful for golf, but it was almost too beautiful for the best of golf. With cloudless sky and brilliant sunlight, especially when greens are very keen, as they were this Easter, it is not often that very good scores are made by the scratch player. The long-handicapped man, to whom it is of the first importance to get his ball to travel, is at a great relative advantage, and almost always it is a long-handicapped man who wins the prizes. A notable exception to this rule, which was much in evidence during the recent holidays, was a wonderfully fine score at Ashford Manor made by Mr. Beveridge. Seventy-four was the amateur record for the green, but Mr. Beveridge knocked four strokes off it with a score of seventy. Of course, when all goes just right with the scratch player he, too, has something to gain from keen ground in the greater length of run on the ball which shortens up the distances. But generally he loses more than he gains in this way from the untoward keenness of the putting greens and the difficulty of keeping approaches near the hole. When all this difficult short game happens to be going kindly for him he has a great opportunity, and of such an opportunity it is evident that Mr. Beveridge must have taken every advantage in making his fine score at the end of Easter Week. This seventy is four better than Mr. Beveridge's own previous amateur record, which Mr. Mossop had also equalled, and two better than Causey's professional record.

#### TOUR OF NOTTINGHAM GOLFERS.

That is an interesting tour which the Nottingham golfers have been conducting in Scotland. In their first match, against a team of the newly-formed Scottish Universities' Golfing Society, which had already shown its remarkable strength, they acquitted themselves very well indeed, though in a match against the powerful Tantallon Club they were badly worsted. But the Tantallon side were playing very strong. It only shows how great is the golfing enthusiasm in parts of England where we do not perhaps expect to find it so strongly developed, that a county like Nottingham (though the side is probably in no sense strictly representative of the county) should in the first place be willing to organise and take part in a tour of this kind, and in the second place should be able to hold its own so tolerably well in the Scottish centres of golf which it is visiting. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### THE AUSTRALIAN GOLFER.

ONE of the symptoms in the modern development of golf is the activity of the professional as a literary exponent of the science which he teaches, and on which he mainly depends for his livelihood. All our leading professionals at home have not alone been content to send into the world thousands of pupils whose steps as learners they have watchfully guided in the art and practice of the game. Vardon, Taylor, Braid and a few others have taken elaborate pains to embody their principles of teaching in books; and golfers all the world over owe them a debt of gratitude for enriching their store of scientific knowledge and of irreproachable golfing precept. The latest addition to the ranks of professional authorship is D. G. Soutar, an old Carnoustie player, and now one of the leading professionals in Australia. His book is entitled "The Australian Golfer," and is illustrated with seventy-six plates and thirteen diagrams, the publishers being the Australian Book Company, 21, Warwick Lane, E.C. The author of the book was amateur champion of Australasia in 1903, amateur champion of New South Wales in 1903-4 and open champion of Australasia in 1905. It is obvious from the story which he has to tell, and the pains with which he elucidates his advice to learners, that he has been impressed by the success of Vardon, Taylor and Braid, not only as renowned players, but as teachers who have written scientific treatises; and Mr. Soutar certainly shows throughout his volume that he has a stalwart independence of view both as to principles and method with which to guide the learner in the game. Indeed, it is a pleasure to meet with such a book as this. Its tone is modest, and the advice, based on personal experience

and close observation of all classes of players, is given to the golfing public with a sobriety of restraint and an absence of overweening self-confidence which are more certain to make a favourable impression than if a more aggressive tone had been adopted.

In this attempt to deal with the game from the Australian point of view, the author has imposed upon himself the restriction of appealing primarily to Australian learners of the game and the methods of practice which, from climate and other natural conditions, they are led at the outset to adopt. His great object is to place before the Australian learners the same advantages of precept and practice which we ourselves enjoy from reading the scientific treatises of Vardon, Taylor and Braid, and from watching those great professionals playing the game with equally skilled opponents. In the bulk, therefore, Mr. Soutar is necessarily compelled to adopt and to enforce the practically unalterable principles as to stance, grip and swing which must remain unquestioned as the basis of any teaching system. But Mr. Soutar modifies his system so as to suit the material which he has to improve; and as he tells us that the bulk of Australian learners have adopted golf after the first bloom of youth has left them, he thinks it desirable to be less rigid and uniform in his methods of education than our own professionals are with home-bred golfers. We are told, for example, that in Australia a learner's interest in the game would not survive the ordeal which Vardon advocates of keeping a learner at three months' solid practice with one club after another; and thus Mr. Soutar, in his desire to encourage Australian learners, would give them a brief lesson in driving and approaching and then take them round the links in ordinary match play. There is a corresponding relaxation of our home-bred system of teaching in the method followed by the author of not laying down any hard-and-fast rule as to how a learner should acquire the swing. It will be thus seen that the Australian golfer is left a good deal to his own devices as a learner of the game after he has acquired a mere rudimentary knowledge of one or two outstanding principles. That free and easy method of schooling may have the effect of fostering recruits, and of developing a rich variety in the individuality of style; but the author would doubtless be the last teacher to assert that the easy methods of Australian golfing scholarship are as well calculated to train as sound and as good a class of golfers as exist in the majority of golf clubs at home.

If one of the best methods of noting a teacher's success is to mark the influence which he has in modelling the style of his pupils, then it is obvious from this book and its illustrations that Mr. Soutar has departed in one or two instances from the principles which our best professionals at home steadfastly impress upon the learner. He admits himself that he follows a habit of long standing in addressing the ball with the toe of the club. Now if the teacher commits this cardinal sin, while impressing upon his pupils that the true method is to address the ball with the centre of the club-head, he must be hard put to it in order to justify in his own case an eccentric departure from a well-established scientific principle. "Why don't you do it yourself?" will be the natural question of the golf learner, for it is obvious that if Mr. Soutar addresses his ball with the toe of the club he must fall forward in order to secure a true impact, and thereby dislocate the rhythm of the swing which he is so naturally anxious to impress upon his pupils as being the true ideal to achieve. Again, the photographs which have been taken of him on the 6in. mat show that in his mashie play and in his putting the thumb of the right hand is held much more rigid in a straight line down the shaft than is the case with our leading home professionals. With Vardon, Taylor and Braid the right thumb is made to fold over the shaft in what may be described as a caressing grip; but Mr. Soutar's thumb, held in a straight line, can scarcely fail to modify the learner's swing by checking in a rather ungainly fashion the upward and downward movement of the club. Indeed, the Australian golfer must needs take careful note of the appearance of that aggressive thumb on the club-shaft. It reappears again in the photographs of the grip of Mrs. Aitken, a former lady champion of New South Wales, whose play is described by the author as a model of ease and grace for other women to copy. With the driver, the mashie and the putter, Mrs. Aitken shows the same fault of the thumb on the shaft as the author does in some of his own grips; and looking at the standard of the highest professional and amateur play at home, it is quite certain that it will strike every observer as a fault which Mr. Soutar would do well to remedy. Though Australian golf has grown almost as vigorously in its sparsely-populated districts, separated by long distances, as in the United States during the last fifteen years, there are records to show that the game was played there quite seventy years ago. Australian golf, indeed, is a notable case where the Scot has been abroad, for the settlers from Fifeshire and other Eastern districts of Scotland have long been the active pioneers of the game there, spreading wherever possible a knowledge of its health-giving virtues, and laying the foundation of a stimulating social communion among all classes of the Australian community. A. J. ROBERTSON.

## AN APRIL SNOWSTORM.

**S**ELDOM have we had a more striking illustration of the unexpectedness of English weather than was supplied on Sunday. The previous week had been almost summer-like. During the whole of Easter the weather was more like that of May than of March, but there came a sudden change on Saturday, with the result that the sprouting corn, the budding hedge-rows and all those beautiful small things that come as premonition of spring were embedded in snow. The photographs we show were actually taken on Sunday at Riddlesdown, Kenley, Surrey, where it snowed without ceasing for about two hours. From the Walton Heath Golf Club, too, we hear that nearly 4in. of snow fell, wrapping green and gorse in a white mantle. The storm seems to have been fairly general throughout the country, as alike from the North and from the Midlands we hear of long-continued snowfalls. On the coasts, particularly on the South Coast, a cold and bitter wind prevailed, telling of evil times at sea. It brought with it a plentiful supply of sleet to the unfortunate visitors who, in some cases, were prolonging their seaside holidays. Luckily snow does not lie very long in the month of April, and in many places it melted as it

fell, while even where it was thickest the ground very soon cleared. As it happened, this year neither large nor small fruit is very forward, and it is not anticipated therefore that the snowstorm will have done much harm to the gardens. Indeed, the temperature never was at any time very low; it varied from 41deg.

at Aberdeen to 48deg. on the West of Ireland. But had there even been a frost we doubt if it would have injured the fruit trees or bushes to any great extent. On the contrary, it may help towards the production of good crops by keeping them back. In a year like this it is not the April storm but the May storm that endangers the fruits of the labourers' toil. On the farms the snow would be welcome, because what the land lacks generally at the present moment is moisture. The process of sowing seeds has been going on under the

most favourable conditions, and the land has been dry and crumbly. But now that the seeds are on the point of germinating, what is wanted is not drought but moisture, and snow gives moisture in the very best form, because as it melts the water soaks gently into the seed-bed and permeates the ground much more freely than is the case after a heavy shower of rain.



A SURREY DOWN LAST SUNDAY.



WINTER'S LAST ATTACK.



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H. S. MENDELSSOHN.

MRS. SACHEVERELL-BATEMAN.

14, Fembridge Crescent, W.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Mrs. Sacheverell-Bateman ...	541, 542
England's Heritage ...	542
Country Notes... ..	543
The Delaying English Spring. (Illustrated) ...	545
A Leaf in Kew Gardens ...	548
The Source of London. (Illustrated) ...	549
Monumental Brasses. (Illustrated) ...	553
Some Humours of Pot-hunting.—II. ...	554
Bird-life in the Grampians. (Illustrated) ...	555
Country Home: Wenlock Abbey. (Illustrated) ...	558
The Corner Pool ...	564
In the Garden. (Illustrated) ...	566
A Book of the Week ...	567
Wild Country Life ...	568
From the Farms. (Illustrated) ...	569
Poems of the Window-pane ...	570
Shooting. (Illustrated) ...	571
On the Green. (Illustrated) ...	572
What is a Salmon Fly? ..	574
Correspondence ...	575

## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## ENGLAND'S HERITAGE

IN one of his delightful sketches written in the early days of the nineteenth century, Washington Irving pokes gentle fun at the typical Englishman because of his being proud to be represented by the figure of John Bull. In those days John Bull, as now, was pictured as a stout, middle-aged gentleman in top boots, with a face of stolid respectability that can be made to look irate or jocund according to the wish of the caricaturist. Other nations have, at times, shown a certain amount of shame at the nickname they have received; but Washington Irving was surprised to find that the Englishman was extremely proud of this prototype, and that in his ordinary speech he referred to him with self-complacent pride. "I am a bit of a John Bull" was a common excuse put forth for his weaknesses and a modest way of boasting of his strength. "A bit of a John Bull" was used to explain a hundred prejudices and also as an apology for a certain obstinate waywardness characteristic of the nation. The Englishman of that period had no wish to idealise his representative. He took it as a matter of course that John Bull should be a little ordinary and commonplace, and, in fact, the very opposite of some of those ideal figures which the French have worshipped as embodying their highest aspirations. But latterly there has been a certain amount of decay in that spirit of self-complacency which excited the rallery of our American visitors. The Englishman of very modern times has had instilled into him the quality of diffidence, and to be aggressive has been represented to him as amounting to vice.

On the Continent he is no longer "milord," but a very quiet, unostentatious traveller, who, far from airing his nationality, sedulously cultivates the manners of the place wherein he happens to be at the moment, and, if anything, is inclined to argue against the greatness of his own country. He is also more than ready to acknowledge the merit of those whom aforesaid he used contemptuously to designate as foreigners.

This modesty is commendable; but it would be dearly bought at the expense of that sense of greatness which used to belong to the nation. If there is any man living at the present time who is entitled to use the equivalent of the phrase *Civis Romanus sum* it is the Englishman; and at this moment, when the Colonial Conference is meeting in London, the fact is brought vividly before the imagination. There have been very great Empires in the history of the world, but none was so large or so free as this of ours. The former of these statements is at any rate indisputable. The men now in London have come literally from the ends of the earth, and collectively they represent a people which has spread over a greater part of the globe than ever was covered by any previous nationality or is likely to be again. Imagination fails to grasp the might and majesty of the British Empire, even when it is helped by the metaphor of the English *reveille* following the sun in its diurnal course. Nor is the magnitude of Empire lessened by the fact that its component parts are not bound together by the chains of conquest or victory. These are no tributary princes, such as used to be collected to grace the triumph of a Roman emperor, but independent rulers and representatives who have been chosen in open vote by men of our own blood to come to this country and discuss the management of the great Empire, of which it is the centre, on equal terms. The dominion of the King is a growth more than a conquest. Its territories, though they have been fought for by arms, and some have been the centres of prolonged warfares and great bloodshed, are far more the acquisition of those whom Rudyard Kipling calls "the legion that never was listed," the wanderers, explorers and others who, in pursuit of their own affairs, have carried the British flag into remote seas and hewn their way through dense forests into unknown lands, moved by the spirit of commerce and adventure far more than by any conscious desire to extend the limits of the English territory; and, to put a truth in the form of a paradox, it is because the bonds that unite the people of our blood are so light that they are so strong. In the course of this Conference they have called themselves "sister countries," and the phrase exactly expresses their proud and yet accurate attitude towards the Mother Country. In days long gone by our statesmen did not recognise this. They sat at Westminster and imposed duties and made laws as if the colonists were a subject people. Experience, if nothing else, has shown the futility of doing this, and now the representatives of the nation are called together not to hear laws promulgated by the English Parliament, but that they may take counsel and advice together.

It is not our business here to enter upon any discussion of the particular proposals that may be brought up for consideration. There are many keen minds in and out of the Press who are capable of going to the root of any suggestion that is made, and of realising its merits and demerits in hard and clear outline. Our special business is not to enter into the arena and fight over the projects that in practice get fashioned into their shape by being made the subject of discussion, but rather to find out what is the factor in the situation common to all deeds and to all parties. What this is can be very easily expressed. The aim of each individual must be assumed to be the prosperity of the Empire, whatever be the means chosen to achieve it. The driving power that gives energy to the individual parties is that sense of the greatness of the British Empire which we have inherited from our fathers and which it is our duty to hand on untarnished to the next generation. And without vainglory and mock modesty it is well that every citizen of the Empire should recognise its greatness, its freedom and its advancement in all civilised arts. We may readily admit that here a country has pushed forward a little further in one direction and another country has pushed forward a little further in another direction; but if a wide view be taken it must be conceded that Great Britain still holds her place in the van.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Sacheverell-Bateman. Mrs. Sacheverell-Bateman is the eldest daughter of Captain Edward Bridges, and the widow of Mr. H. A. Sacheverell-Bateman, of Morley and Etwall in the county of Derbyshire.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



# COUNTRY NOTES

**M**R. SYDNEY BUXTON, the Postmaster-General, may be congratulated on the arrangement made with Canada for a reduced rate on newspapers and magazines. Hitherto it has been a reproach to Great Britain that the King's subjects in the Dominion have been obliged to depend on the United States for their light literature, with the result that they have to a considerable extent been kept out of touch with thought and feeling in the Mother Country. The change that has now taken place ought to remedy this evil. The rate of postage on British newspapers, magazines and trade journals going to Canada has, practically speaking, been equivalent to 4d. per lb. This will be reduced to a rate of 1d. per lb. on each packet, the charge on packets not exceeding 20z. remaining at 4d. This reduction will place Great Britain in regard to Canada in as favourable a position as any other country. On his part the Dominion Postmaster-General undertook to carry free of ocean transit charges all British newspapers, magazines and trade journals sent from the United Kingdom to Canada by vessels under contract with the Canadian Government.

The British Post Office will thus be relieved of such transit charges, which amount to a little over 2d. per lb. Mr. Buxton's account of the arrangement was received in the House of Commons with satisfaction for reasons other than those that were sentimental. At present many English publications find their way to Canada through the United States, and in the course of their journey American are frequently substituted for English advertisements. This is a matter which very directly affects our trade journals, which will now go straight to the Canadians; in fact, looked at from any possible point of view, the lowered rate is bound to act beneficially. It places within reach of the Canadians publications that are much valued by them, and it opens up to the English publishers of all magazines and trade journals a new and important field for procuring readers.

Never have the facts about the hoppers been placed so definitely before the public as in the report which Dr. Reginald Farrar has made to the Local Government Board. He has made enquiries from the counties of Kent, Sussex, Worcester, Hereford, Essex and Hertford, and illustrated his remarks by means of plans and photographs. He does not say that the provision made for hop-pickers is altogether unsatisfactory, but suggests that the tents and other erections where they live should be brought more directly under the attention of the local medical officers of health and the inspectors of nuisances. He divides the hop-pickers into four classes, viz.: Home pickers, foreign pickers, gipsies and casual vagrants. How large the numbers of the first-mentioned are may be judged from the fact that in the Tonbridge Rural District in 1906 alone there were 12,000 of them, and 10,000 foreign pickers. As the former invited the visitors to share their lodgings it is scarcely necessary to add that there was a certain amount of overcrowding. The following figures show roughly the numbers employed annually: Kent, 74,748; Sussex, 2,550; Southampton, 1,599; Surrey, 200; Herefordshire, 13,900; Worcestershire, 13,359; Shropshire, 118. He considers it safe to estimate that about 100,000 hop-pickers, counting both adults and children, are annually employed. Of gipsies there are about 10,000, and he remarks that they are good pickers and in general fairly orderly. The most difficult class to deal with is that of the casual pickers, whose habits render them more or less a nuisance to the local authorities. The average hop-picker earns from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a day.

It seems to be rather late in the day to do so, but we cannot let the opportunity pass without a farewell to Lord Cromer, whose retirement from public life was the most melancholy event of the past week. One consolation is that Lord Cromer's resignation is not due in the slightest degree to party interference; it is only that his physical health is giving way after forty-nine years of public service. During his stay in Egypt Lord Cromer has been like a steadfast rock in the midst of surging party feeling. Whoever has been in power, he has steadily attended to the

interests of Egypt, and never been diverted from his path either by calumny or undue praise. The country, during the last hundred years has had no more steadfast or capable servant. We cannot grudge him the leisure of his last few years after the laborious days he has spent, and it is one consolation that his shoes will be filled in Egypt by a man who has been trained at his side and earned his approval.

Considerable doubt has been cast upon the accuracy of employment returns of the Board of Trade, as those who collect the figures are not Government officials, and the method leaves open many opportunities for error. Still, it is noteworthy that they correspond with the returns of trade and income, both of which show that in March the wave of prosperity continued to advance. This seems to have been the case in regard to employment. It shows an improvement both on February and on the corresponding month of last year. Perhaps the most satisfactory feature is that 500,000 workpeople have had their wages advanced, and the aggregate rise amounted to more than £25,000. Nor have there been an extraordinary number of trade disputes to waste this harvest; yet, although less time was lost than in February of this year or in March of 1906, it is disconcerting to reflect that the aggregate duration of all the disputes of the month, new and old, amounted to 105,400 working days. The mere statement of the fact shows what an immensely valuable economic result might be obtained through the reconciliation of labour and capital effected, say, by a Board of Arbitration, such as exists in one at least of our Colonies.

## A LILY.

It leaned from out the purple gloom,  
To meet the silence of the night,  
So frail in substance, rich in bloom,  
A prayer of peace—a shrine of light!

As though an angel from above  
Straying to earth a little hour  
Had veiled his face from mortal love,  
And passed into a silver flower!

ELEANOR NORTON.

At the dinner of the Horticultural Club on Tuesday night an exceptionally able lecture was delivered by Professor Bottomley on soil inoculation. It derived special interest from the fact that many of those who were present, either as guests or members of the club, have been making experiments with the preparation, and, as a matter of fact, samples of peas were shown taken from land of which part had been inoculated and part not. The striking fact about those that had been treated was the extraordinarily fine root-growth. However, interest in this subject is gradually shifting from what has been accomplished to what is still possible. Hopes were held out by the lecturer that within a reasonable time cultures will be prepared that can be applied with most beneficial effects to other plants, such as tomatoes and roses. The further development of the researches which Professor Bottomley and other men of science are pursuing will be eagerly looked forward to by all who are engaged in cultivating the soil.

A grave warning in regard to gooseberry mildew has been issued from the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. As far as the reports go, it would seem that this disease has been found in no other counties except those of Worcester and Gloucester; but it is said to be abundantly clear that the mildew has been present in certain centres of these counties for three or four years and has spread to many adjoining gardens, among which must be included some nursery gardens. If the owners of these last have not been particularly careful, it is very evident that the disease will be found in many other districts as the spring advances. Gooseberry-growers are therefore warned that they should watch the plants closely during the summer months, especially those bushes that have been recently bought, in order that the disease may be detected and dealt with at the earliest possible moment. It seems that the young shoots are most open to attack, and that generally, if not always, the disease has appeared in low-lying damp situations. Obviously, then, expert growers should direct their attention to the moist ground and the young wood.

The method of dealing with mildew recommended by the Board of Agriculture is that where the slightest suspicion of infection exists the bushes should be sprayed with a solution of liver of sulphur (potassium sulphide) from the time the leaves open until the fruit is set. Half an ounce to a gallon and a-half of water is the strength recommended for the first spraying, but it should be increased to half an ounce to one gallon of water for the second spraying. In some climates it has been found that a

strong solution injured the leaves of the gooseberry, so that careful note should be taken of the effect produced by spraying. It is worth noting, too, that the solution is regarded as a preventative. The disease does not seem to be confined to one species of bush, as it has attacked red currants in Ireland and some other countries, and there is reason to believe that it may also attack black currants and raspberries. Finally, growers are warned that "from the experience of Irish and Continental growers it would seem likely that those owners of affected gooseberry bushes who neglect to take drastic measures may incur serious losses."

Bird-lovers are always pleased to see the report of the Farne Islands Association, as this society for preserving birds is one of the most important in the United Kingdom. From Mr. Paynter's report we notice that the finances of the association are in a sound condition, as they have a small balance in their favour. Several interesting statements about the birds during last season are made. It was on the whole favourable, and the birds bred well, although a strong westerly gale in the middle of July seemed to affect the food of the Arctic terns, and the old birds ceased feeding near the islands, while a great many young ones died. The eider-ducks continue to increase, and during the latter part of the season a number of cormorants returned to their old home and built their nests. Five or six pairs of roseate terns nested and four pairs of razor-bills. Mr. Paynter heard that a pair of ivory gulls nested on the Wamses, but he did not see them. This is an interesting and very satisfactory report.

The result of the Oxford and Cambridge racquet matches was in accord with the anticipations of the experts—Oxford being successful in both doubles and singles. The play in these matches, as well as in the public schools' contest, gave yet further opportunity for two more of the brothers Foster to prove their wonderful powers in the racquet court, as in all pastimes in which a ball plays a principal part. In the singles match against Cambridge Mr. Foster did not allow his opponent, Mr. Pound, to win a game. It may be noted that Mr. Foster had only just returned from the Continental football tour of the Oxford University Association team, and that he sandwiched in this victorious bout of racquets between the football and the golf match in which he also represented the University at Hoylake. Cambridge will surely have reason to be grateful when the long list of the brothers Foster is finished; but happily for Oxford that is not to be for some years yet, for we believe that after the brother who is now at Malvern there is yet a younger one coming on to uphold the extraordinary athletic record of the family.

Cricket in these days has assumed so much importance that it is debated in council as though it were a matter of great European diplomacy. At the Advisory County Committee's meeting at Lord's the other day, which is a preliminary to that of the Marylebone Club, the most important proceeding was to accept unanimously a suggestion made by Mr. G. L. Jessop for a new method of calculating points in the County Championship. It looks a little intricate, but as all previous systems have been unsatisfactory from one point of view or another, it may possibly happen that this will be an improvement. Mr. Jessop's proposal was that "in the first-class County Championship the method of proportioning points shall be five for a win and two deducted for a loss, drawn games not to count." Its matter at least is virtuous, as it will encourage each team to make a determined effort to win the game, though, on the other hand, those who have a decidedly uphill battle to fight will be under nearly as much temptation as before to play for a draw.

Trout have been unusually late this season in coming into condition. In regard to some rivers, and those the most important of our trout streams, it is even now rather early to expect fish in fine condition, but in some of the more rapid streams in the West, where the trout are commonly in good fettle in March, they were not at their best this year, either for the sport they gave the angler or for their flavour on the table, until the first week or so in April. By that date they were as good as ever they are, and a lucky day with a score or so of fish weighing 1 lb. apiece, in fast strong water, provided the best of entertainment. Of course the trout were only in accord with the rest of Nature in being thus behind their usual date. It is all explicable enough. The weather was cold and there was not a rise of the fly on which the trout feed; again, there is a backwardness in the growth of the aquatic weeds on which many of the animals, both in their larval and perfect states, feed which are in turn the food of trout; and the cold temperature of the water would also have a more direct effect both on the molluscs and crustacea and on the fish themselves, retarding the growth of the former and the recovery by the latter of the condition lost during the spawning season.

Certainly Mr. Allen Stoneham is greatly to be congratulated on the courage and energy with which, single-handed, he has succeeded in directing most influential attention to the important subject of the lack of all proper provision for the teaching of elementary geography, and for conveying information as to the extent and character of the British Empire, in our Board schools. It was on February 4th of this year that he addressed a letter to the Board of Education asking what provision was made for this purpose, and by March 6th the Board appears to have succeeded in acquiring the knowledge that virtually no such provision was made by the Board, and answered Mr. Stoneham to that effect. In consequence of Mr. Stoneham's further endeavours a requisition, extensively signed, as appears by some of the names, which in respect to such a matter must carry the very greatest weight, has been submitted to the Lord Mayor, requesting him to call a meeting of the citizens of London with a view to the formation of an "Empire Education Fund, in order to bring maps, books and other sources of information within the reach of all classes." The movement, it is stated, is intended to be of a strictly non-party nature. In reply, the Lord Mayor has announced a meeting at the Guildhall on St. George's Day, at noon, at which he will himself take the chair, and which appears admirably timed to coincide with the visit of the Colonial Premiers.

#### TO APPLE BUDS.

Little buds, so soon ye wake!  
Wait till blackthorn winter's past.  
Rest awhile: fresh vigour take:  
Into blossoms burst at last!

Rest awhile:  
So soon ye wake!

Little buds, the Easter sun  
Beam'd its message as of yore:  
Telling of new life begun,  
Hope and joy and peace in store!

Rest awhile:  
In splendour wake! C.

In London there are many markets within markets, and that formed by the Zoo is not the least important. The quantity of food that has to be purchased for the animals makes the bill read as though a garrison had to be provisioned. A few of the items are: 2,244 lb. of beef, 5,946 quarters of bread, 216 horses, 245 goats, eggs 28,000, grapes 2,400 lb., nuts 4,000 lb. We are told that the animals have their likes and their dislikes. The Siberian tigers, for instance, prefer beef to horseflesh, the monkeys seem to revel in fresh fruit and potatoes. We do not see any mention of frogs in the list given, but the catching of these at certain seasons of the year forms a curious little industry of its own. It is satisfactory to know that the general health of the animals has been maintained very well during the past year. The monkeys have been much better since their house was disinfected and repaired, and it is found that those kept in the open-air cages without artificial heat do better than those which live in the houses. The most serious loss of the year was that of the large female giraffe, which had been in poor health for some time.

In the course of the discussion following Professor Bottomley's lecture previously referred to, a very strong point was made by Mr. Pycraft. He was speaking about the laxity of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries in dealing with the discovery. Soil inoculation is a very flagrant example, but he instanced another equally important, and that is the effect of birds on the cultivation of the soil. It is true that the Board has issued a small pamphlet dealing with the subject, but it is not a very important publication. What is required is that thoroughly qualified men should be commissioned to ascertain by exact scientific methods what is the food of the various species of birds at different times of the year and sundry other facts that would place their part in the economy of Nature outside the region of dispute.

One great difficulty in connection with the freeing of the land from tithe, on which we touched last week, is the feeling of insecurity such action would engender in the minds of those who might otherwise bequeath at their death, or before, large sums of money for the good of the public. This uncertainty must, to a large extent, be responsible for the omission to add to the existing endowments of the Church on the part of many wealthy and prominent churchmen. And if this be true of endowments for ecclesiastical purposes, it must equally hold good in the case of universities, schools, almshouses and, in fact, every branch of philanthropic endeavour to improve the conditions amid which posterity will have to live. Once touch the right of a man to do what he will, within the law, with his own and capital will take alarm—may even be driven out of the country—and in any case the responsibility of man towards man must, to a large extent, be diminished.



On the suggestion for establishing a Building Court for London there is much to be said on both sides. The advantages of having an advisory body that would interfere with the erection of uncomely buildings or those that were discordant with their surroundings are obvious. Yet architecture is to a very great extent a matter of taste. It would be very difficult indeed to form a committee of four or five eminent architects who

would be perfectly unanimous in their judgment, some holding one ideal, some another, the traditions of this one being entirely opposed to the traditions of another. If the Building Court were popularly elected it would probably tend to the extension of bad taste, because in these matters the fit, though few, speak with more authority than the multitude—but then who is to select the fit?

## THE DELAYING ENGLISH SPRING.

"**D**ELAYING," to express a characteristic of our English spring, was a favourite epithet of Tennyson's, who used it in the same sense of spring in general as he did in particular of the tender delaying ash. We have no experience here of that burst of flowers which comes so suddenly in Siberia and other places lying within the confines of a continent. In a very literal sense "spring lags slowly up these heights"; but its charm lies chiefly in that slow unfolding. Winter is a foe whose sullen retreat is stopped at intervals, when he returns with more than dying vigour. If the sun's rays are hot and unclouded as they were in the latter half of March, the encouragement given to vegetation is checked by clear, cold, frosty nights. April, thanks chiefly to the poets, is traditionally credited with a character which fact more often than not contradicts. One of our latest singers, William Watson, in the most exquisite of his lyrics, writes in the mood of the ancients, though his note is modern:

April, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter,  
Then the moment after  
Weep thy girlish tears.

But the plain prose of it this year is that April has scarcely discovered a smile for us, far less peals of "girlish laughter," and her bitterly cold, piercing rains—to say nothing of the snow-showers—form a singular example of "girlish tears." Nature has accomplished her end in spite of April, rather than with her aid, and

Now the white iris blossoms and the rain-loving narcissus,  
And now again the lily, the mountain-roaming, blows.

But how slow and gentle has been the transformation this year! The very birds seemed to recognise the tardiness of the spring, and the atmosphere of the first two months would have been empty of melody but for the missel-thrush and the lark. Of the storm-cock it might be written that he is a bird of great heart, since he pours forth his bold loud song amid storm and tempest as if taunting and challenging winter. Even when moulting, the lark sings all the year round, and on spring mornings rises long before the sun, and soars upward ere the grey light comes, as if seeking a vantage point to witness the daily miracle of dawn. He is at his matins "ere Phœbus doth arise." Or, as a realistic modern has it:

The low East quakes: and hark!  
Out of the kindless dark  
A fierce protesting lark  
High in the horror of dawn!

Fierce and protesting are not accurate terms, and yet the poet has truly enough interpreted the mood in which a sick and stricken man is inclined to greet a cold and cloudy dawn in April. *En passant*, it is curious to note how the poetic mind has been struck with the idea of the lark singing before daybreak, as in Sir W. Davenant's song:

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,  
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;  
He takes this window for the East,  
And to implore your light he sings.

Be the day fair or be it foul, April, "pride of murmuring winds of spring," is the month when

the dicky bird  
Carols on leaflet and spray.



THE SLOW UNFOLDING OF THE LEAVES.

They have been later than usual, but now the rooks have long been clamouring about their nests "in the windy tall elm trees," and the little feathered folk of the woodland and wayside are warbling their loves, many of them in gay and handsome dresses, like happy troubadours ruffling it in lace and gold. At last the doubts expressed so prettily by Christina Rossetti are set at rest:

I wonder if the Spring is stirring yet,  
If Wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,  
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun,  
And crocus fires are kindling one by one.  
Sing, robin, sing:

I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring.

One can imagine the impatient poetess, during the slow progress of an English spring, pacing the walks of the old garden attached to the house in Chelsea where she lived with her brother, and hailing with delight each new flower that by imperceptible degrees opened its pure colours to lighten bowers that had been dark all the winter. Slowly the fair procession winds its way, led by pure white snowdrop and flaming crocus and followed by nodding daffodils, till

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet;  
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit.

Our daffodils of to-day are long-standing flowers, but the impression left by the poem is one of bloom so frail and ephemeral as to pass away between dawn and sunset. In this delaying spring the daffodils certainly came long before the swallow dared, and many were out in March; the swallows have now come, and if birds could take pleasure in flowers the daffodils are ready to receive them. Mention of these carries us from the garden to the fields, where evidence of spring lateness is still more apparent. In town the pretty almond trees have not flowered as early as usual, and in the country the hardy blackthorn, now just bursting into flower, has been held back by the March frosts. While its bloom is with us, says a proverb, winter has not gone away, so that possibly the retreating foe may still have a few more attacks to deliver. The hawthorn by the wayside is slowly unfolding its leaf, and the hedges are still so bare that the nests are unconcealed, but in a little while the greenery of summer will have covered them. On some early trees, like the hornbeam, it is already breaking softly and beautifully. At the roots of the hedge and protected by its shelter nettles and other rank-growing weeds are already green and striving upwards. But the sweetest spring wildings still delay their coming. As the farmer knows too well, the spring pastures have as yet scarcely begun to discover signs of life. Here and there "the wee, modest, crimson-tipped" daisy has



C. Reia, Wishaw, N.B.

A SEA OF BLUEBELLS.

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The modern gardener has mastered the art of showing spring flowers to advantage. His real model and teacher has been Nature, though she has spoken through many mouthpieces. But when she clothes a whole glade with primroses or throngs bluebells together till they lie like fields dropped from a cloudless heaven, when she whitens a wood with anemones or turns a wheatfield red with poppies, she does not speak in vain to those who follow the profession of Adam. And so the wise gardener has discovered how good it is to emulate her lavishness. He plants tulips and daffodils literally by the thousand, so that for a season they may render orchard and woodland gay. It is an art differing much from that of massing flowers in the garden. There they depend on their own colours; but red poppies growing on downland, tulips in an orchard, daffodils or snowdrops at the edge of a wood, must fit to their natural surroundings of growing grass and blowing wild flowers of opening leaf, and the blossoms of wild fruits impart a delicate shade of colour rather than a strong impression. One wonders, by the by, what sort of daffodils could have inspired Herrick's famous song:

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon.

put forth its petals; but so far only single spies have come, the battalions that later will whiten the meadows are only advancing. "Pale primroses that die unmarred" have to be diligently sought for. They are to be bought in penny bunches, but have not yet begun to bloom with any freedom in the coppice. So, too, "the nodding violet blows," but only in favoured situations. Spring is in the air; you see it in the tiny, skipping lambs, in the fields of new-sown seeds, in the sprouting winter wheat, in the dark ash buds and the green tints flickering on the wood; and yet the imprint of winter lies all around the landscape. And there is nothing more delightful than to watch the long-drawn-out contest between the advancing spring and the defeated winter. There are people, of whom George Eliot was one, who loved the autumn season of the year better than any other. They found a certain magic in the lulling spell which decay spread over the woodlands and fields that previously had abounded in the growth of summer. One can understand their feeling and the melancholy which finds its due response in Nature. There are moods, indeed, which find a pleasure in the wildest and bitterest winds of January; but to the majority of those who are healthy minded it is much pleasanter to watch





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GORSE AND PINE WOOD.

W. A. J. Henster.



M. C. Cottam.

NATURE'S MASSING.

Copyright.

the silent arrival of the flowers, coming as they do at first one by one, making bright specks in the otherwise desolate landscape, then gathering force in numbers till they spread over the entire landscape, and the world is gay, as it is only once a year, with the tints of those blossoms that are at once the earliest and the sweetest. It is difficult without emotion to see the first green leaf breaking on the hawthorn or the life showing in what appeared to be the dead tendril of the honeysuckle, because in them we see a foretaste and promise of the glory of the spring. Even the little birds appear to be at their merriest and happiest when they are singing their first love strains or carrying the pieces of wool and feather with which their nests are built. As the season advances the gaiety of youth goes away and they turn into staid and respectable citizens of the woodland. No longer full of song or mirth, they utter cries that only evince care and anxiety. So the flowers, too, blow only for a short season. The hot sun withers and dries them up, their bloom departs, and we recognise, not without a recurrent sadness, that once more in our lives the season of spring has come and gone. It is like another milestone on that dusty road along which each of us passes but once.

## A LEAF IN . . . K&W GARDENS.

**A** YEAR or two ago, when I was travelling by train, my fingers felt strangely excited, and being pushed, as by an exterior will, wrote these words: "A spirit said, 'I saw a world so large that a house in that world was as large as the whole of this world. Three persons lived in that house, and they did not think it was too large for them. When I saw that world, I said, If this world could see that world, it would cry, O God, forgive me for being so proud!'"

I felt that, if a blush were the proper reply to this revelation of my sub-conscious self (or some more complete individuality), it would come with most appropriateness from such a giant as the Cornish giant Bolster, who "could stand with one foot on St. Agnes' Beacon and the other on Carn Brea." Yet, though I left it to giants and architects to blush, I was moved by this story. I remembered my old envy of Gulliver for knowing

Glumdalclitch, and I looked forward to that Day of men's days when a thought, following on a look at a goal, shall be a bird to carry the thinker there, though his body rest in the grave.

Strangely enough, I found only the other day that this world is in pleasant comradeship with the gigantic, and need moult no feather of its pride in regarding it. It happened thus. I went—poor wretch of practicality!—into Kew Gardens to record spring, as though spring were a football semi-final or a motor accident. There are fifty aspects of spring in one place in March alone, so I feared not the rivalry of the studious man from Fleet Street, whose eyes are poems of spring when they look on the empery of green. As for the poets of spring, I pitied them. True, they might see and sing the crocuses, under the Turkey oak, that lay as numerous as if flame could fall and lie like hail. But, fastidious about names as poets are, they leave it to March alone to praise the starry *Chionodoxa luciliae*, which blooms, profuse as azure water, beneath unawakened *Forsythia*. They praise the daffodil, "that comes before the swallow dares," but they have no word for those delicate guests of ours which do not dare and yet are here in March, responding to heat and shelter by lovely bloom. What poet has sung the violet of *Brunfelsia*, or those enchanted butterflies, whose wings can never fly, which *Chorizema ilicifolium* protects with her thorny leaves? The wind, braved by the crocuses, was a disgrace to civilisation, and dead leaves blew about as though the broom of autumn were still plying. Therefore I changed my continent. I went into the great palm-house. Strange land of romance and prodigy! A red flower, large as a hat, glares at you from the root of a tree. You look up. There it is again at a suicidal height. I went into the gallery, which is, I suppose, quite 40ft. above the ground. Suddenly I saw a feather. Not the feather of a bird, but a living green feather—a feather that had grown gigantic from the dry soil of the ground prepared by the human nurse of the rooted bird whence it had sprung. I looked up; it tapered above my head. With perfect precision, through 40ft. or more of length, the green blades radiated from either side of the quill of this prodigious feather. And then I said to myself, "It is one leaf"; and it seemed more prodigious still. Moreover, it was beautiful, and its name was *Attalea cohune*, and its country was Honduras.

*Attalea*! Surely I knew the name with a sense of tears. I looked up again and remarked its nearness to the



roof, and then I remembered the Attalea princeps of Garshine's story, which longed for a Brazilian sky, and broke through the roof of its glass prison only to find a northern autumn and death by the saw. Poor Attalea princeps, sensitive as a Russian revolutionist, was certainly not of the same sap as this Attalea cohune of Honduras, so perfect and serene.

They say that 49, Portland Place is China, because it is the house of the Chinese Legation. How much more obviously was it Honduras at the root of Attalea cohune! I laid my hand on the dry earth, which contained the principle of such height as I had admired. I felt that prayerfulness which yearns at the mysterious sources of power. The energy, breathed into

that leaf which almost soared, was in earth and air and light and heat. Why should not I, standing where stands Attalea cohune, receive the vital principle that builds in the sight of all, however stupid, forms as beautiful as those which mock the dreams of a human artist?

Beyond doubt Attalea cohune is a work of art—a work of art in innumerable sections, of which each is a work of art. Its gigantic leaves are like a terrestrial answer, humorous and beautiful, to the fantasy of largeness with which I began this chapter of my thought-life, concluded on St. Lubbock's Day, when the crocuses of Kew Gardens seem turned to people, gay and bright and restful, blooming on their sterile paths as well as on their velvet lawns.

W. H. CHESON.

## THE SOURCE OF LONDON.

THE manufactured thing which above all others filled Ruskin with wonder was the bluff prow of a rough fishing-boat. Oliver Wendell Holmes was similarly struck with the spectacle of an old wheel; and it is remarkable that a "mode of motion" should strike

both observers. But in all qualities, even in endurance, which was the attribute on which the stress was laid in both cases, the boat has it. A fishing-boat is as good a picture as man ever made. But it is an open question whether steam has destroyed the picturesqueness lent by craft to rivers and seas. It is arguable that steam has introduced a new beauty. I have for many years thought that the most inspiring scene in the world, so far as the world has been disclosed to me, is the disappearance of a barge tugged by a stunted steamer through the spans of Waterloo Bridge. This bridge was designed, as too few remember, by that eccentric genius Dodd, who took the downhill road of many geniuses. It was accomplished, and in some details planned, by John Rennie, whose memory deserves honour at every Cockney's hand. The nine spans, of which the average is 120ft., seem to be of an inevitable size, to meet the point where strength and beauty "kindle their image"; and they spring from the piers, as the boughs of a lime spring from the trunk, with a curve that suggests growth. The bend of the river seems designed to let Londoners view the proper angles and enjoy in proper gradation the alternate contrasts of "gloom and gloss." If when evening comes, leaving a few tawny wisps of cloud to catch a sunlight long sunk behind the bank of western gloom, you are privileged to see on a full tide any sort of craft dip under those arches or appear out of them while the splintered shafts of light, red and green and gold, sway in the murky Thames, you may consider that you have seen a picture of mysterious splendour which nothing between England and the Antipodes may surpass. The Thames is, no doubt, what people call more picturesque above Waterloo, and it is more wonderful below the last bridge.

Thames! the most loved of all the Ocean's sons  
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,  
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,  
Like mortal life to meet eternity.

Yet how many Londoners and others, who have explored the river from Streatley to Chiswick, and perhaps glanced at it with some passing admiration as they went over Waterloo Bridge or walked on the Embankment, have ever passed the portcullis of Blackfriars? They have, doubtless, visited the Tate Gallery, appropriately built on the Thames bank, and, it is likely, admired few pictures more than Wyllie's intensely English picture of "The Pool of London." But neither he nor anyone who has tried in either paint or ink has given

an adequate description of the scene below the Tower Bridge. He knows little of London or the Thames who has not got beyond the bridges. It is a favourite theme of artists to discuss whether the Thames is at the best in the morning or evening; but there is no question that the life of the Thames and its banks is at its best at a very early hour. There can be few river scenes to compare with the arrival of fish at Billingsgate; and in the progress of this



W. Rawlings.

DUMB-BARGES DRIFTING PAST.

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ceremonial the medley of vessels of all types lends the crowning glory. Before the sun is up pretty little steamers shoot in and out among the Dutch smacks and past the dumb-barges like water-beetles between the weeds. They seem to possess the

scorn," and letting the current do with him as it lists, is the very contrary of the restless, scurrying steamer, whose jerky energy reproves both sailing ship and drifting barge.

England has only three real sources of wealth : the harvest



W. A. J. Hensler.

#### MEETING THE INCOMING TIDE.

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same power of instantaneous movement in straight lines and of rectangular turns. They are the most adaptable, as the heavy barges are the least adaptable, of all river craft. The single bargeman in "majestic immobility refraining his illimitable

of the ground and the harvest of the sea, which are perennial, and the mine of coal, which is temporary. In the Pool of London and opposite Billingsgate you seem to be in touch with the secret of the nation's wealth, and in some measure in





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ACROSS THE NORTH SEA.

P. G. R. Wright



W. A. J. Hensler.

MOORED AT NIGHTFALL.

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commerce with the spirit of the people. Outside the noisy fuss of loaders and unloaders, of porters and merchants, market officials and eager retailers, the shadows of the barges, the silhouette of the sails, the throb of the steamers, the swaying of the waters and the low jut of shore beyond partake of the mysticism which ever infects the character of islanders, whether they are Celt or Saxon or pre-Aryan. The Pool is the matrix of London; and from the Tower Bridge to the far side of the Isle of Dogs the fashion of the mould is made visible by the baffling sight of rigged masts rising high, as it seems, cheek by jowl with houses far away from the river. Yet among the few historians of the Thames, and the many admirers of its character, these crooked reaches have chiefly escaped enquiry and description.

Shall we never have a great Thames history? There are many partial attempts, none perhaps better in its little sphere than Mr. Cornish's "Naturalist on the Thames." He had the feeling for the river "as strong as any man in Illyria," but even for him—naturally, no doubt, considering his narrower subject—the story broke off at Albert Bridge and was only renewed below the Isle of Dogs. Many people have had the dream. Of one man I know who spent a great part of a life too soon cut short in gathering material, now doubtless scattered to the winds, for this *magnum opus*. But if the work is too big for all of us, all may at least go to see this troubled Pool, which is more surely the source of London than the little spring in the Cotswolds is the source of the Thames.

W. BEACH THOMAS.



## MONUMENTAL BRASSES.

WHEN a study is made of "The Brasses of England," by Herbert W. Machlin (Methuen), the reader's first thought will be how fortunate it is that the volume on English monumental brasses in the series of the Antiquary's Books was assigned to such competent hands as those of the president of the Monumental Brass Society. It is impossible to over-rate the importance of the evidence which brasses furnish of both the ecclesiastical and civil costume of the English people for five centuries, from the thirteenth to the eighteenth. The earliest existing brass dates from 1277, the latest from 1773, so that they cover almost exactly 500 years. Armour, vestments and heraldry all receive very important contributions to their history from the evidence of these monuments. For instance, they are one of our great authorities for the dates when the changes were made in the different parts of the armour worn, as, for example, the change in the shape of the helmet from that shown in the Hastings' brass at Elsing, dated 1347, and that of Thomas Cheyne at Drayton in 1368. Possibly a more important feature is recorded in brasses, and almost only in brasses—the date of the rise of the rich trading middle-classes. Beginning in the fourteenth century, their brasses gradually increase in number and importance till the seventeenth century, when they become the most numerous class. Another interesting feature is the change in the language of the inscriptions. At first the legends were in either Latin or French—English was a despised tongue; but in the first half of the fifteenth century the English inscription first appears, and English gradually becomes the ordinary language for inscriptions. Other

the fourteenth century, and can be divided into military, civilians, ladies and ecclesiastics. Then come a group of brasses that were "made in Germany," where the art of engraving was then carried to a higher pitch than in England. Their great feature is that all the surface of the brass is utilised for some form of engraving; nothing is left a blank. Mr. Machlin very properly treats the ecclesiastical brasses by themselves. Of them there are about 450, and they mainly serve to illustrate the vestments worn at the celebration of the Eucharist, the procession and in the choir. The chief of these vestments were alb, amice, stole, maniple and chasuble; the most important, and possibly the most interesting, portion of the subject is the evidence brasses furnish as to the difference both in shape and in the manner of wearing these vestments that existed in England and on the Continent. Mr. Machlin gives a list of perfect examples of existing brasses of priests in Eucharistic vestments, some eighty-five in number, extending

over 200 years, from 1337 to 1545, which give most important evidence of the changes that went on in this period. To take one instance from bishops—the development of the mitre: this comes out most clearly, and shows how it passed from a triangular to a circular form. Another point the brasses bring out, that is, the rarity of copes among the parochial clergy. Church dignitaries holding rich preferments appear in copes, vestments that were certainly expensive. The parish priest could seldom afford to add a cope to the number of his vestments, and is rarely represented in one. Not the least useful part of this book is the lists that are given of the brasses which represent ecclesiastics in copes, cassocks and other vestments. The destruction of brasses under Henry VIII. and Edward VI. must have literally been enormous. There is evidence both from the stones from which the brasses have been taken, and from the accounts that show the expenditure for the brasses, what a large number there then were. The number that has survived is only twenty-six. The number of brasses remaining which represent figures in full academical costume is much larger—seventy-six—extending from 1340 to 1561, and give very interesting evidence of the details of University costume; for example, the distinction between the cap worn by doctors of divinity and the cap worn by doctors of other faculties.

The brasses also bring out another feature in English life—the great importance of the wool trade. Two districts in England, the Cotswold Hills and the Leicestershire Wolds, played an important part in this trade, and a memorial of it is to be found in the series of brasses which survive in the churches



1506: IN HUNSTANTON CHURCH.



NICHOLAS WADHAM  
AND HIS WIFE  
DOROTHEA.

AT ILMINSTER: 1618.

matters might be mentioned to show the extreme interest and importance of these memorials of the past.

We have nothing but praise to give for the way in which Mr. Machlin has classified and arranged the brasses of which he treats. The first twenty in date form a group by themselves, extending from 1277 to 1330; these are mostly military or ecclesiastical. The next great group go from 1350 to the end of

of those districts. Mr. Machlin gives a list of thirty-three brasses, all of which are to prosperous wool-staplers, in which the brasses in the church at Northleach in Gloucestershire take a foremost place.

Lawyers, again, form a distinct class, extending over 200 years, from 1400 to 1598. Yelverton, Fitzherbert and Spelman are all represented on their brasses in their robes. Space does not permit us to go into other parts of this very fascinating subject, such as the form of the chalice and how it altered from time to time, as shown on the brasses of priests, heart brasses, shroud brasses, skeleton brasses; all these are of high interest, and lists of all of those extant are given in the book. To those who are desirous of taking up the study of brasses—and it would not be easy to find one more fascinating and out of which more could be learnt of the social history of England—we can cordially recommend Mr. Machlin's book. It does not pretend to supplant either the work of Harries or Waller, or the various local works of particular counties or districts; but it supplies a distinct want as being what we did not previously possess—a classified handbook of British brasses.

## SOME HUMOURS OF POT-HUNTING.—II.

**S**TILL moving onwards, after a not altogether uneventful or unsatisfactory day—as it had been marked in red by the capture and safe stowage in the overhead netting of a very early Nottingham bear and his attendant mastiff—the hum and rhythmical beat of the railway carriage wheels finally settled down and insistently held on to the *motif* of the “Lohengrin” prelude, announcing in a glory of throbbing expectancy the oncoming of the mystic Sangreal. Yes, that was my cue—a potter's cup which should transcend all others, a ceramic Grail. Wagner and wassail bowl, poet and posset-pot, Lohengrin and loving cup, alliterative truth and promise. A rich colour-impression, glowing and mellow, brought warmth and hope; who was I that I should look the other way and refuse to accept the yellow and brown omen? The quest must be achieved. Fortunately, the riding forth in knight-errant and promiscuous fashion to encounter whatever of adventure might turn up was not required; I knew where there was a very fair chance of bringing the quest to a successful issue by the winning of about as near an approach to perfection as the unsophisticated slip-ware potters ever allowed their aspirations to reach to. As a piece of pottery superb, of characteristic English form, in its ornament restrained and dignified, technically admirable, and with a pedigree just about as satisfactory as that of the Toft dish already mentioned, to all these high qualifications could be added the crowning glory of a date—a date, too, capable of suggesting more great occurrences than perhaps any other in the second half of the seventeenth century. If only the fortunate moment could be hit upon, then might I sing with Robin Goodfellow:

Joy, joy for ever, my task is done,  
The quest is over, the victory won!

and rejoice in the knowledge that I could bid pottery friends welcome without being compelled to apologise for the ceramic equivalent of an empty larder. But what of the prison-house in which the treasure was secured? Well, it did not exactly resemble a mediæval fortalice; the difficulty centred rather in the personality of the owner of the delectable pot. He was my very good friend, but when he said “No” he had a trick of meaning no and of keeping his word. So far, he had refused to entertain the idea of selling; not at all because of any high appreciation of the pot as a pot, but on quite other grounds. An idiotic unquiet ghost of an utterly impossible riddle haunted me. When is a pot not a pot? When it is a bequest or a legacy, or a maiden aunt's token of affection and esteem. For, indeed, it was all these, and possibly ever so many other things into the bargain. The garrison could not be starved out; a sturdy Yorkshireman cannot be rushed. What other course, then, was open? Careful treatment of the situation was imperatively required, so an order to mark time may here be given.

In the slip-ware cult the tyg, wassail bowl, loving cup or posset-pot occupies, by virtue of its associations, the highest place; it had no vulgar uses, was brought out but seldom, and then only on special occasions when affection, friendship and good fellowship were rightly supposed to be nearer the surface than at ordinary times; it was truly, to the dwellers in country places rather than to those who lived in towns, the symbol of peace, goodwill and social enjoyment. Let Mr. L. L. Jewitt, who during a long and busy life wrote so learnedly and acceptably of antiquities, pottery, friends and an infinity of other things, contribute from his intimate knowledge of Staffordshire and Derbyshire folk information as to what the posset-pot meant in his time, a good half century back. In his “Life of Josiah Wedgwood” he says: “Posset is an excellent mixture of hot ale, milk, sugar, spices and small slices of bread or oatcake. In

Derbyshire, Staffordshire and their neighbourhood this beverage was formerly almost, if not quite, universal for supper on Christmas Eve, and the posset-pot was [possibly, in some instances] used but once a year, and became often an heirloom in the family. A small silver coin and the wedding-ring of the mistress of the house were generally dropped into the posset, and those who partook of it took each a spoonful in turn as the pot was handed round. Whichever of the party fished up the coin was considered certain of good luck in the coming year, while an early and a happy marriage was believed to be the certain fate of the lucky individual who fished up the ring.” This evidently describes what part the posset-pot played in its later years, which were cast in times less jovial than the Stuart days, which saw its birth; but through all its days posset was king whenever rejoicings were in the air; husband and wife saw their names standing out clear on the shining glaze, which flung back the red firelight, and with the rest of the good company read they the tag which followed:

As a ring is round and has no end,  
So is my love unto my friend.

The heirloom had been well cared for—for years it had been packed away and never brought out except for my delectation when on a visit to its owner—but there was just an outside possibility of a dealer, more persistent and Mephistophelian than the average of his tribe, getting to hear of its existence and complicating matters; so the designing of siege works, of insidious approachments and all the paraphernalia of a Vauban occupied my industrious days and laborious nights. But all unnecessarily, for an innocent little postscript to a letter of mine, referring to quite another matter, ended the quest—did the trick, in fact.

My letter found my friend, like Rosalind, in “a more coming-on disposition.” His reply specified several superfluities, the possession of which would add to his happiness, and proposed that I should supply them and take the posset-pot in exchange. So it came to me. It has been well used; the base, by reason of much pushing across the grain and over the inequalities of oaken tables, is worn as smooth as ivory, and yet the bowl is without crack or damage. It bears the legend “William Simpson, his Cup,” and the date 1685. This was the year of Monmouth, Sedgemoor and Judge Jeffreys: in it Charles II. died, James succeeded, and Bach and Handel were born.

A Ralf Simpson has already been mentioned in connection with a “Toft” dish, and both Tofts and Simpsons were old potting families in Staffordshire. But a William Simpson, a potter, was actually living and working at Burslem at the time this pot was made, and as this was “his cup” an explanation is afforded of its perfection as a piece of slip-ware. Also, again, the year named represents pretty well the culminating point of Staffordshire seventeenth century potting, and on both these grounds the pot may claim honourable place. When Mr. Hodgkin and his daughter gave to the collecting world their “English Pottery, Named, Dated and Inscribed,” they rendered a notable service to pottery-lovers, and a few words which occur in the introductory remarks so exactly define the position which this piece is entitled to hold that I am tempted to quote them. They describe the book as “a list as nearly complete as may be of all the pieces of the selected kinds of Early English Pottery which tell us anything about themselves, which say when they were made or where or by whom and for whom or for what purpose, thus standing out distinctly from the mass of specimens which on all these points are dumb.” *Pièces parlantes*; and it is these “speaking” pieces which impart information and by their associations create interest. Afterwards an indisputable *cachet* was awarded to my pot in this manner.

The aspirations of a good collector must always be towards earning the approval of those to whom he looks for guidance and counsel in the arduous career he has adopted. And in the matter of slip-ware, indeed, of pottery generally, it is not difficult to name one such whose collection is wonderful, whose artistic taste is exquisite, and to whom we are indebted for the provision of books on pottery of the utmost interest and value. Having by special favour spent a long afternoon in going through his cabinets, I ventured to express the conviction that some day I should light upon a dish worthy to rank with his best, and was told, “Don't talk nonsense—you will never find one—you are twenty years too late.” After a pause, “And, besides, what do you want it for? Your posset-pot is a finer piece than any dish the Tofts or any other potters ever made.” With this so gracious a compliment paid to it, I felt that the reputation of my best bit of slip-ware rested on a sure foundation.

Among E. A. Poe's works will be found a story in which a main point is that a document of vital importance has to be safely hidden, and this is accomplished by folding it in ordinary fashion and then placing it in the most prominent position possible. Police agents search the house but fail to find it, and it is not until the genius of an amateur detective of the Sherlock Holmes type is brought into action that the all-important document is recognised and possession obtained. The very keenest collector may, without shame, confess that his ferreting



powers have at times failed him under very similar circumstances. For myself, I cheerfully plead guilty, as for many years a grand piece of slip-ware was in a dealer's shop to which I must have paid hundreds of visits, and I never recognised it. I am assured it was moved about into pretty well every position, and yet somehow it failed to catch the eye of even one member of the hungry army of collectors; that this was an extraordinary coincidence is all one can say. But at last, after having left London for some years, I returned for a stay of a fortnight; resumed calling at my favourite shop; had called there at the end of my holiday for a few final words; had said them, and was making for the door, when, high up on a dusty shelf, I caught sight of what seemed too good to be true—a most important specimen of slip-ware quite out of the ordinary run. My friend, the dealer, smiled a sort of "at last" smile when I asked that the piece might be lifted down and dusted, and then proceeded to look up its history in ancient volumes.

This vessel is a cistern, and its use was to supply water for the washing, between the courses, of the silver or pewter plates which antedated crockery. Such vessels were usually made of pewter or copper, but the British Museum has two of earthenware, the second of which was apparently designed for use at a regimental mess, being inscribed: THE RIFLE REGIMENT CORNALL OFFER THE DROUNKEN REGIMENT N.H. 1678, and bearing a medallion showing the Royal Arms. Scarcely a creditable designation of what may have been a hard fighting corps; but then, as we know, *autres temps* carried with them *autres mœurs*.

Pepys has something to say about cisterns. Thus, in September, 1667, he goes to inspect "a copper cistern for the

table which is very pretty, and they demand £6 or £7 for it; but I will have one." Nothing, however, seems to have come of his visit, as in the March of the following year he calls upon a pewterer to buy "a pewter cesterne which I have ever hitherto been without." In a footnote it is stated "A pewter cistern was formerly part of the furniture of a well-appointed dining-room; the plates were rinsed in it, when necessary, during the meal." This seems to have been written under the impression that the "cistern" was an open vessel; but the fact seems to be that a little water was obtained through the tap and the plates "swished round" with a dish-cloth. My pottery example came from an old house in the Isle of Wight, and is quite of noble proportions, standing 18in. high and with a girth of 27in.; it is of the rich Staffordshire colouring, dark brown with yellow slip, and may fairly be assumed to date from Pepys' time. The decoration is entirely hand-worked, no stamps having been used; the flowers, etc., are of "slip," and the stems made of rolled cuttings of pipe-clay stuck in place before the cistern was glazed and fired. On each handle are animals' heads, which are possibly leopards', but look more like seals' or otters'. They might serve to connect the cistern with the family for whose use it was fashioned, but so far I have failed to get on the track; the services of a better herald than myself seem to be required.

Pottery experts would notice that my bear is not so happily circumstanced as is the case usually with animals of the Nottingham breed, who are mostly represented in the act of comfortably squeezing the life out of the dogs. "Foolish curs that run blinking into the mouth of a Russian bear and get their heads crushed like rotten apples." Now, my dog has got his bear pinned by the nose or lip.

ALFRED BILLSON.

## BIRD-LIFE IN THE GRAMPIANS.

TO those men whose lives are spent in the remote fastnesses of some lonely mountain range, whose sole means of communication with their fellows is by a rough track from time to time rendered impassable by wreaths of snow or torrents of rain, there is vouchsafed in due course a gift which is denied to the dwellers in the plains below—the gift of observation. Some are born with this gift, others acquire it slowly in a greater or less degree. "To see, yet to remain unseen," is the motto of the tracker, of the big-

game-hunter, of the naturalist. With such men the writer has spent some of the happiest weeks of his life. To them he owes a deep debt of gratitude for much that would otherwise have remained hidden from his eyes, and the rich storehouse of knowledge gained by them through the long years has been imparted to him in no grudging measure. To them his thanks are due.

The title at the head of this article suggests a subject the scope of which is such that any attempt to deal fully with the many species which still breed in this range within the limits of



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THE GOLDEN EAGLE AT HIS EYRIE.

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H. B. Macpherson.

## YOUNG KESTRELS.

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the space at my disposal would be foredoomed to failure, and for the present I shall confine myself to a few remarks regarding those which, owing to their shy and retiring habits, have long since been driven from the more thickly-populated districts. Of these the first to claim our attention is the raven, sacred to Odin, god of war, though to Southern races a bird of ill-omen, whose harsh croak is symbolic of disaster. Ancient superstitions die hard, and for long ages the black-winged messenger of the dread "Alfadur" enjoyed immunity from danger among the descendants of the Norsemen. As a scavenger it earned its living, and, undisturbed by man, reared its young in security in cliffs and trees hard by the dwellings of the human race. The preservation of game and the misplaced zeal of collectors have worked a pitiful change, and the raven, banished to the lonely gorges of the mist-clad mountains, is now classified by ornithologists as one of the rarer species of British birds. Its penchant for carrion sealed its fate, and traps, set ostensibly for other vermin, proved irresistible to a bird of such carnivorous tastes. Fortunately for the survival of the species, many keepers are now beginning to realise that, whatever may have been its faults on low ground shootings, where partridges and pheasants lay in the open fields, on the moors, at least, it does little harm to game, for the nest of the red grouse is hidden with a cunning which can scarcely be excelled. Its soaring flight and resemblance to the larger birds of prey when floating motionless in the air sometimes cause annoyance to sportsmen by clearing a beat of game, but this is the only crime which can be laid to its charge. It is no exaggeration to say that the inhabitants of a single rookery do infinitely more damage to game than all the ravens in the North.

"An egg in February and a bird in March." Thus, translated literally, runs an old Gaelic saying, which proves that from time immemorial the marvellous hardiness of the raven has astonished those to whom its breeding haunts were known. In the Grampians it breeds irrespective of snow and frost, and the eggs, from three to five in number, are laid in the second or third week of February, sometimes, though rarely, as late as the beginning of March. The nest, a large structure of twigs and heather lined with the wool of sheep, the fur of the mountain hare, hair and feathers, is generally placed close under a ledge in some cliff inaccessible except with the aid of ropes. Sometimes a bush or small tree jutting out of the cliff is used to support the nest. In 1906 a brood was hatched in the Monadhliadhs during the severest snowstorm of the season, with the thermometer registering zodeg. of frost night after night. This indifference to frost and snow is characteristic of the raven alone among all British birds, and it seems little short of miraculous that the hen is not at times frozen on the nest. The young are ready to leave their home towards the end of April, and remain in the vicinity for a considerable period. During incubation the cock bird, when not engaged in hunting, remains close to the nest on guard, and, at the approach of an

intruder, calls the hen off with a harsh note of alarm. As the pair soar upwards, becoming mere black specks, ere vanishing into space, their cries, heard at intervals, seem to embody the very spirit of the moorland—bleak, wild, lone and eerie.

Two months later than its larger relative, though choosing more sheltered situations for its nest, the hoodie, or grey crow, lays its eggs. The pine forests which still clothe the lower slopes of the Grampians are veritable strongholds for this species, nor could any deadlier foe to game preservation be found. There is little fear that the hooded crow will become extinct in these islands, and though hundreds are trapped annually in the Grampians and Monadhliadh ranges, the old nests are repaired year by year with unfailing certainty. With the hoodie I have little sympathy, for it is not only a merciless robber of nests and young broods, but a coward of the lowest type into the bargain. I have seen six adult birds of this species driven in ignominious rout by a pair of kestrels, the plucky little hawks buffeting them with wing and beak, while the grey marauders' distinctive cry echoed at every thrust.

The abuse of the valuation system, the difficulty of finding tenants for extensive sheep-farms in exposed situations and the increase in the value of deer-forests have from time to time induced proprietors to forest an enormous extent of moorland which in former days afforded pasturage for black-faced sheep and Highland cattle. Indirectly the bird-life of the Grampians and other similar ranges has benefited thereby, for the cock grouse is the *bête noire* of many stalkers, having an awkward knack of rising at the critical moment after a long and laborious stalk. Hence the comparative security which many of the larger birds of prey enjoy in the higher forests. This fact alone, coupled with a few laudable attempts to protect the eyries, has saved the golden eagle and the peregrine from sharing the fate of the "gled," or fork-tailed kite. The latter bird was plentiful thirty years ago, but, being easily trapped, is now, to all intents and purposes, extinct in the district. Personally I do not know of a single eyrie tenanted by the kite in the Grampians, though it is possible that the wilds of Mar and Atholl may boast of a solitary pair. Some years ago I saw a pair in the Monadhliadhs, but I fear that they have since fallen victims to trap or gun.

Here and there, however—for obvious reasons I mention the situation of no eyrie—the peregrine holds its own, and far beyond gunshot, in the face of some inaccessible cliff, the young are reared. As a rule the peregrine makes little or no nest, scraping a hollow in the scanty earth on some ledge generally overhung by rocks. Three to four eggs are laid, and, should one of these be addled, it is generally cast from the ledge after the young are



H. B. Macpherson.

## THE GUARDIAN OF THE ROCKS.

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hatched. After much trouble the writer succeeded in reaching an eyrie last summer, but, to his great annoyance, found that it was tenanted merely by young kestrels. Later it was discovered that the peregrines had shifted to a neighbouring cliff. It is a pretty sight to watch a brood of the young falcons on the wing, as they wheel round in fruitless efforts to imitate the marvellous aerial evolutions which the parent birds display for their benefit.

The Greenland and Iceland falcons, now admitted to rank as distinct species, have not, to my knowledge, been obtained in those parts of the Grampians with which I am acquainted. Most of the specimens obtained in Scotland during recent years come from the islands and the shores of the mainland north of Inverness, in which town I have had the privilege of inspecting several sent for preservation. The rough-legged buzzard, however, has been trapped from time to time in Badenoch, Strathspey, and is, as a winter visitor, more common than many people imagine. Of the common buzzard, by no means one of our rarest birds, brief notice should be made, and its majestic appearance should entitle this species to the protection of all lovers of the wild bird-life of the Highlands. Comparatively speaking, the buzzard is clumsy in its movements, lacking the marvellous activity of the falcons and lesser hawks. On the top of some pine in the wild forests of Rothiemurchus and Glenmore its nest is placed. The eggs are three, and sometimes four, in number. Should trees be scarce in its haunts, a cliff is sometimes chosen, and the nest is under these circumstances often more difficult to reach than the eyrie of the golden eagle itself. Apart from the panic caused among grouse by its appearance as the great bird flies skimming the heather in its search for mice, the damage done by this species to game is practically nil; but its love for carrion lures it to its doom in traps set for the hill fox and the hooded crow.

As in other parts of the Highlands, the sparrow-hawk, kestrel and merlin are still plentiful, and the fact that these three species have survived all attempts to exterminate them is due to their total disregard of carrion. Their fare must be fresh-killed meat, and though the two former may be trapped with certainty to their own kill, they all disdain the carrion baits which have reduced the eagles, buzzards, kites and ravens to such a pitifully small remnant. Only once have I seen a sparrow-hawk trapped to a carrion bait, and this was a young bird in immature plumage. The nest of the sparrow-hawk is generally placed in a tree, but the kestrel prefers a ledge or hole in a cliff, protected by overhanging rocks, so that no rain can reach the inmates. I am of the opinion that both the male and the female of each species share in the incubation. The nest of the merlin is placed on the ground. That kestrels are very destructive to young grouse in the nesting season I have ample proof, but at other times of the year, when game-birds have reached maturity, the "wind-hover" is almost harmless and lives on mice, moles and other small deer. With

the sparrow-hawk it is otherwise, and this bird must be classed as one of the worst foes of the gamekeeper at all seasons of the year.

The protection accorded to the golden eagle in many forests in the Grampians has alone preserved the noblest and grandest of British birds from extermination, though the species appears to be more plentiful in the counties of Ross and Sutherland. As the habits of the eagle were discussed by me at considerable length in a recent issue, it will suffice to say that the photographs reproduced herewith were taken last spring at an eyrie in the heart of the Grampians under circumstances which have been described before.

In former days it was a magnificent sight to watch the osprey fishing in the lochs and rivers of the straths below. At one time the erne, or fishing eagle, was common, and that the bird was familiar to our ancestors is proved by Sir Walter Scott's lines:

Upon her eyrie nods the erne,  
The deer has sought the brake.  
Too late, alas! were  
measures taken for its  
protection, and the last  
haunts of the osprey in  
the Cairngorms, on the  
ruined islet stronghold in  
lone Loch-a-Eilan, are now  
deserted, I fear, for ever.

The remarkable memoirs of Colonel Thornton, the pioneer of sport in the Highlands, refer to young goshawks taken in Rothiemurchus Forest, and the narrator tells us that he saw a number of old eyries. This is of interest mainly because the Colonel was an expert in falconry, and was not likely to make an error in matters connected with this his favourite sport. The goshawk is now, however, extinct in the Grampians, and its disappearance is much to be regretted.

On the wind-swept summits the dotterel nests year by year, and I have reason to believe that the snow-bunting, by no means uncommon in the district, rears its young on the higher plateaux. The mountain streams are the haunts of wild-fowl, and ducks of various species retire to the security of the wild moorlands for nesting purposes. In cliffs overhanging the water the goosander finds some hole tunnelled into the rock, and here her eggs are laid. In the forests of Rothiemurchus the crested tit may be seen, and at dusk owls flit past through the gigantic pine trunks on the wings of the night. Other birds there are in numbers, of which

space forbids me to write. As sanctuaries for the rarer British birds our game preserves and deer-forests are unrivalled, and in the heart of these wild ranges, where, in the spring, the stalker alone keeps watch and ward, many of the grand birds driven northwards by the persecution of man have found a last stronghold. May it be long before they find their confidence misplaced and their retreats invaded by the collector and his emissaries, to the lasting regret of the true naturalist, whose motto is not destruction, but preservation.

H. B. MACPIERSON.



H. B. Macpherson.

AFTER HIS FIRST FLIGHT.

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PEREGRINE'S EYRIE USURPED BY KESTRELS.

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**S**T. MILBURGA is a somewhat mythical personage, although authorities seem now to have discovered that "she died on Feb. 23, 722 A.D." This absolute definiteness as to her death is, unfortunately, wanting as to her life and deeds, of which there is no written record earlier than the close of the eleventh century, a moment when, as we shall see, there was a pecuniary advantage in using invention as a supplement to knowledge of her history. Then we hear that she was daughter to Merewald, King of Mercia, and had founded, presided over and died at a nunnery at Wenlock. All material traces of this religious house having been obliterated by the Danish invasions, and tradition alone surviving, it was refounded, under King Cnut, by Earl Leofric of Mercia and the Lady Godiva his wife as a college of clergy after the Saxon pattern. The Norman Conquest shortly followed. The vast territories which had passed from Leofric to his grandsons were forfeited, and the new lord, Earl Roger of Shrewsbury, followed the general practice of the conquerors in doing away with the semi-secular conventual establishments of the conquered and refounding them under the strict monastic rule which then obtained on the Continent.

In the case of Wenlock this took the form of a Cluniac Priory, dependent on the Great Abbey of La Charité sur Loire, which appointed its priors and received its tribute. Earl Roger bestowed on the new foundation the property of the old, so that the Domesday surveyors found it in possession of some dozen or

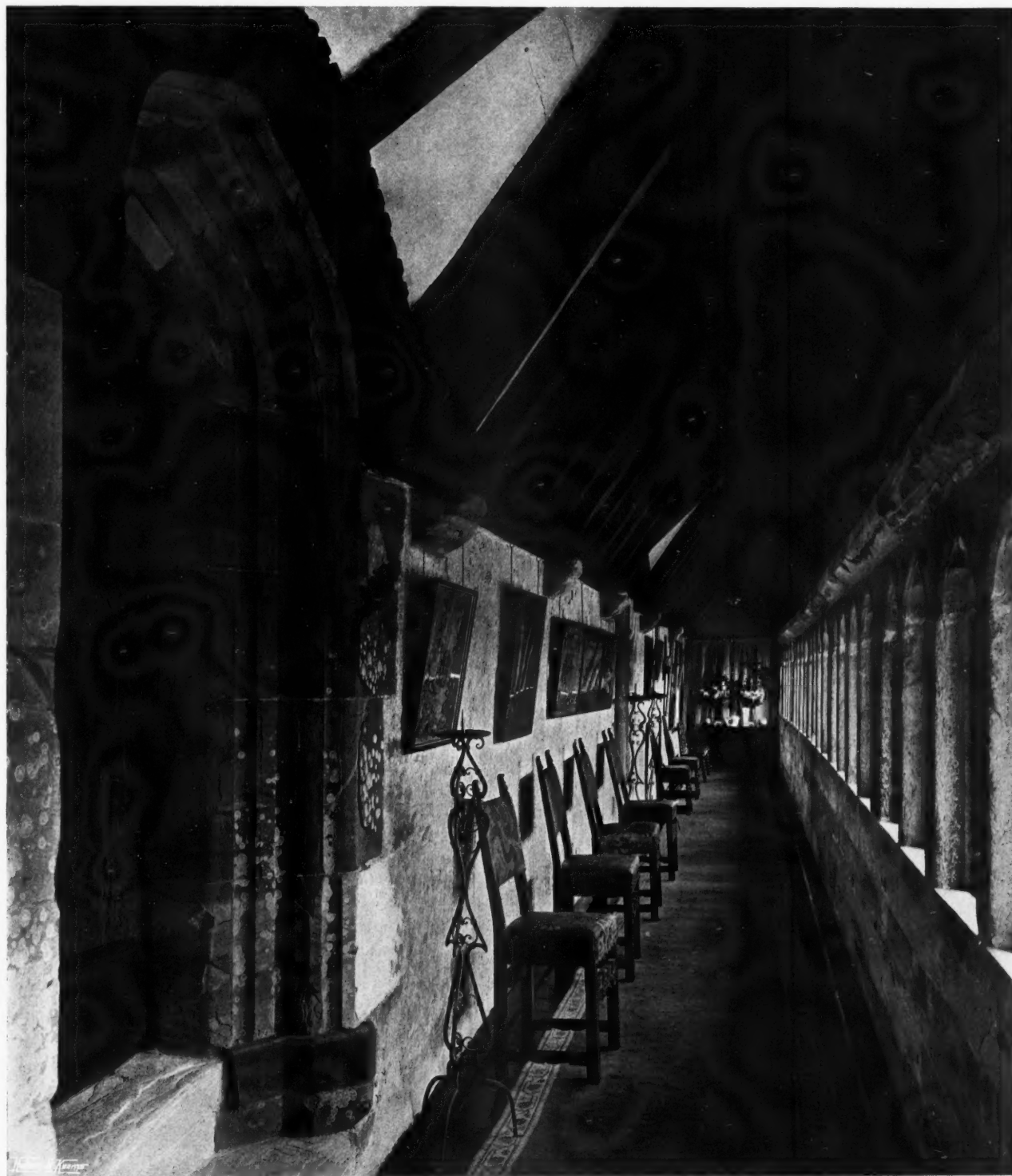
more manors and a goodly number of advowsons. About the year 1080 building operations on a large and elaborate scale were begun. This was expensive work, and additional revenue might well be sought from those sources which the mediæval monk knew how to tap. And so, in a most lucky and timely fashion, "when the fabric of the new church was commenced, as a boy was running in hot haste over the floor, the grave of the Virgin was broken through and disclosed her body. A fragrant odour of balsam breathed through the church, and her body, raised high, wrought so many miracles that floods of people poured in thither. None came to return without the cure or mitigation of his malady and even King's Evil, hopeless in the hands of the leech, departed before the merits of the Virgin." No wonder that St. Milburga's hitherto rather shadowy personality became concrete, and that what had belonged to the region of tradition solidified into facts within the common knowledge! No need now of the craftsmen being straitened in their art, and the fine character of the work done at this period may yet be seen in the remains of the chapter house, whose triple arches out of the cloister and whose rich arcaded wall tracery appear in one of our illustrations. The Norman character of the building—probably the infirmary—which opened out of the chapter house, and which has survived to form the north wing of the present dwelling, is amply revealed by its doorways and windows. But before the style changed probably no more of the minster was completed than the presbytery, containing the high altar and the shrine of St. Milburga.





Of this only the foundations remain, and the portions of the nave and transepts which still stand are of rather later date, when the Romanesque feeling had died out and the arch had become pointed; when the plain and solid pillar was giving way to the lighter and more elegant clustering of shafts, the somewhat coarse and traditional carving of Early Mediævalism to that delicacy of form and finish which sculpture reached in the Middle Period. As it stood from soon after the end of the twelfth to nearly the middle of the sixteenth century the great church of St. Milburga, whose total length reached 332ft., must have been among the finest specimens of the Early English style,

since it included the only important domestic building in the neighbourhood. Wenlock was a purely agricultural manor at the time of the Domesday Survey; the prior was its lord, and the town only gradually grew up to serve the needs of the great conventual establishment and the many visitors to St. Milburga's shrine. Prior Imbert would, therefore, yield his lodging to the King while his suite were accommodated in the guest-house. The King travelled about with his own wine, and plenty of it, too, as we know by the entries of the cost of its carriage in the Pipe Roll. What was over was often sold rather than sent on to the next Royal stopping-place, and Prior Imbert was not backward



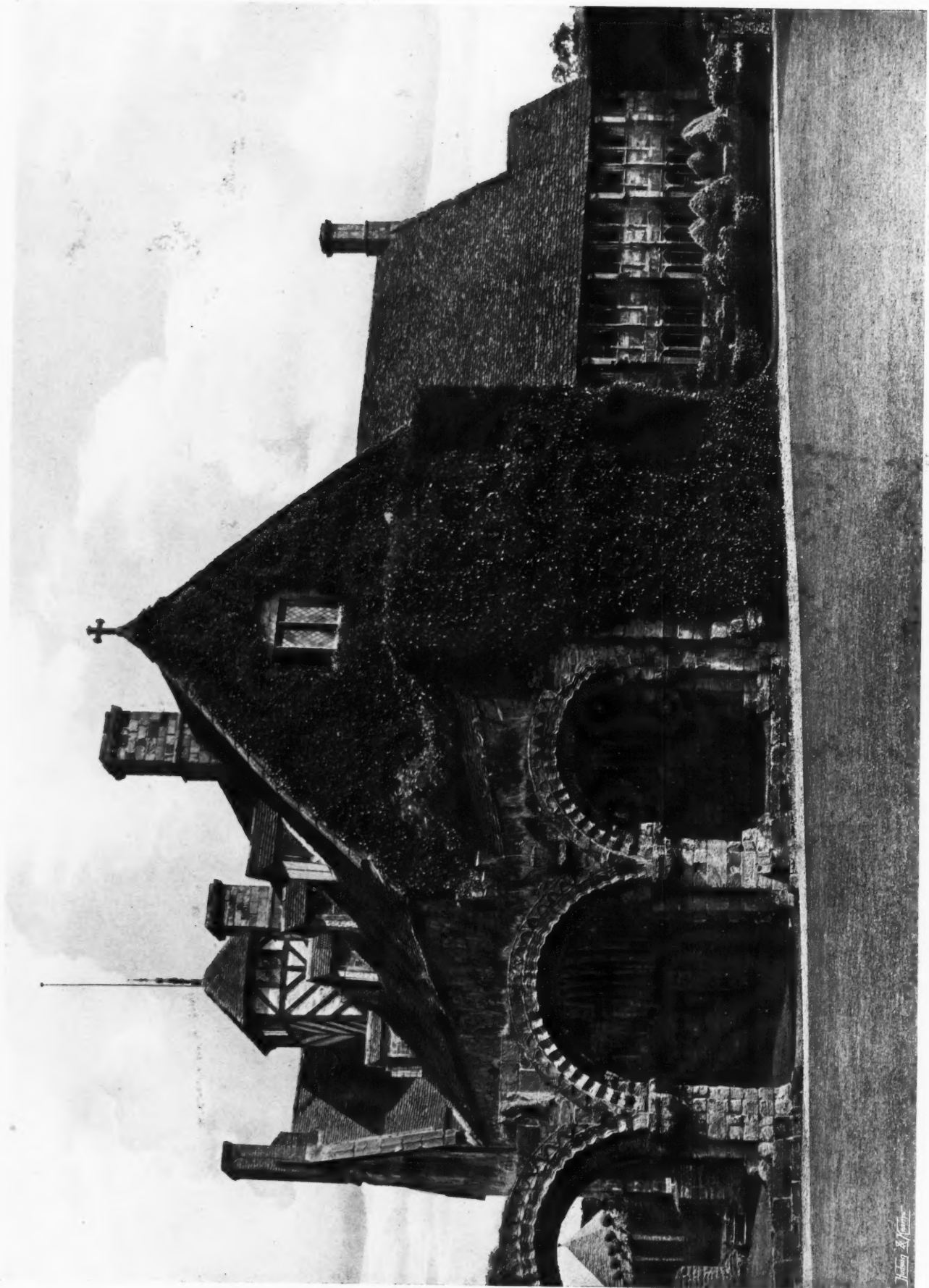
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THE UPPER GALLERY.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

and the surrounding buildings which housed the community were worthy of it, and placed Wenlock in the first rank of our monastic foundations. Yet, though it must have had its scriptorium, whence many an illuminated manuscript issued, there is little record of its course and its fortunes. We do not know who were its builders, and none of its priors stands out as a factor in our history. There was, indeed, Prior Imbert, who ruled the convent while (and for almost as long as) Henry III. did the kingdom. He was more than once sent oversea on Royal business, and was employed in negotiations with Llewellyn of Wales. Henry was frequently at Wenlock, where he must have stayed at the priory,

in purchasing any surplus at Wenlock. Yet his position and influence by no means exempted him from feeling the heavy hand of the law when the treasury could set it in motion to its profit. The great estates of the convent were everywhere on the edge of the hill lands and wastes, which were reckoned as Royal forest, and whose boundaries were rather indefinite. The monks at this time were certainly active and improving landlords. Cultivation, and with it population, was extending under their rule; but this was often at the expense of the forest land. So when the Great Justiciar made an *iter* into Shropshire in 1250 it proved costly to Prior Imbert. Houses had been erected and new

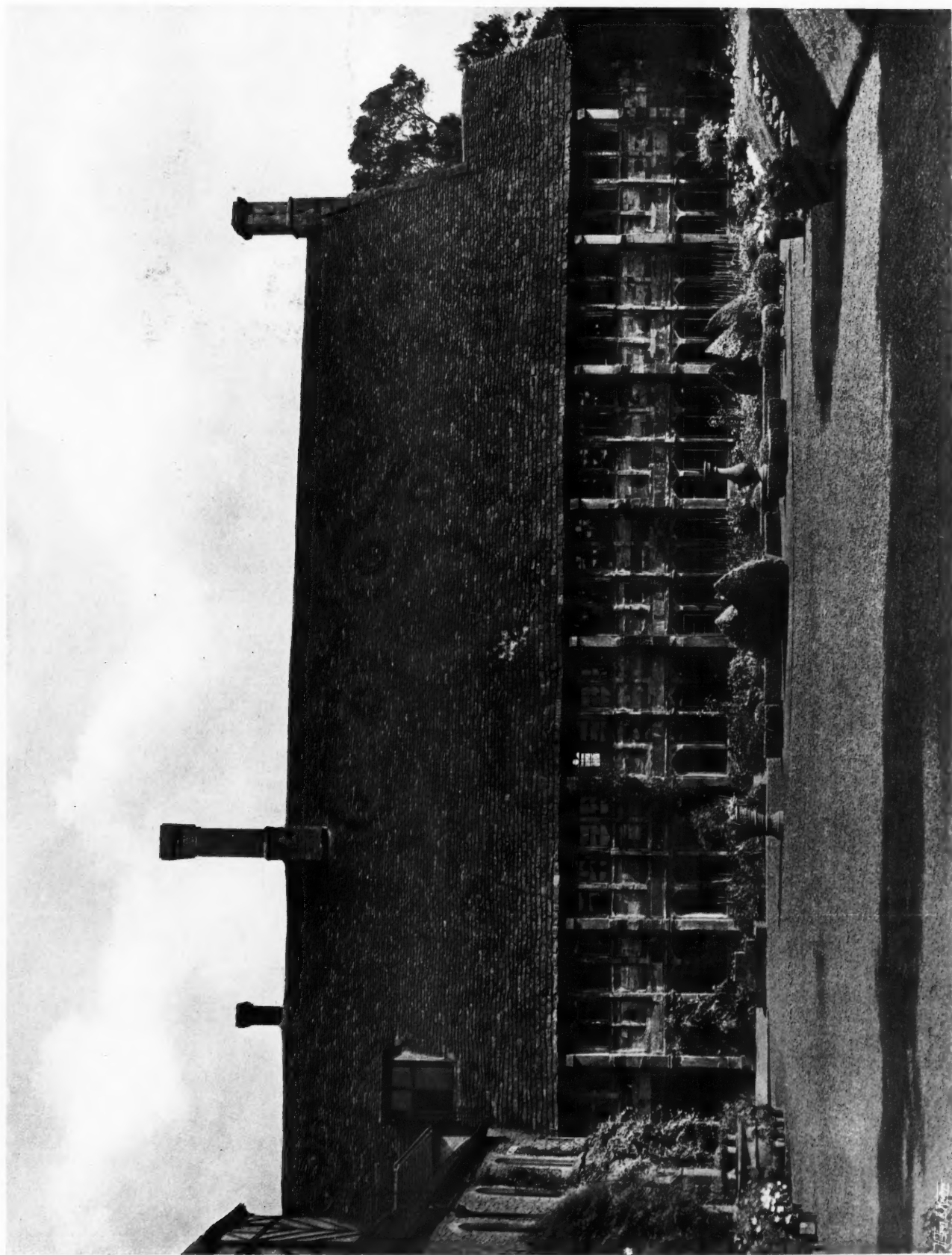


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WENLOCK ABBEY: FROM THE WEST

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THE WEST FRONT, SHOWING THE DOUBLE GALLERY.

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cultivations or "assarts" had been made, not, it was declared, on the lands of the conventual manors, but within the forest areas. The houses he was ordered to throw down, and penalties were imposed for the "assarting." Of course the treasury was open to business, and for a large sum, equal to nearly half a year's rent and tithes of the monastic estates, the prior was allowed "to have his houses and assarts in peace." We do not know whether St. Milburga wrought any unusual number of miraculous cures during the following year to make up for this loss. Good administration, indeed, had so developed the landed revenues of the house that it was now the richest of the Salopian Monasteries, and the Justiciar probably knew that it could well afford this payment. The number of the monks was large and the rule good and popular. But after Imbert's time both numbers and discipline declined. That the life of pious seclusion was sometimes found irksome to those who wore the cowl is seen by the fate of Monk William, who exchanged his cell for the free life of the brigand, and, being caught in 1283, paid the penalty of his deeds of violence.

As an alien priory, Wenlock was seized by the Crown during the Hundred Years' War with France, mulcted in heavy sums and afterwards was cut off from the parent abbey in

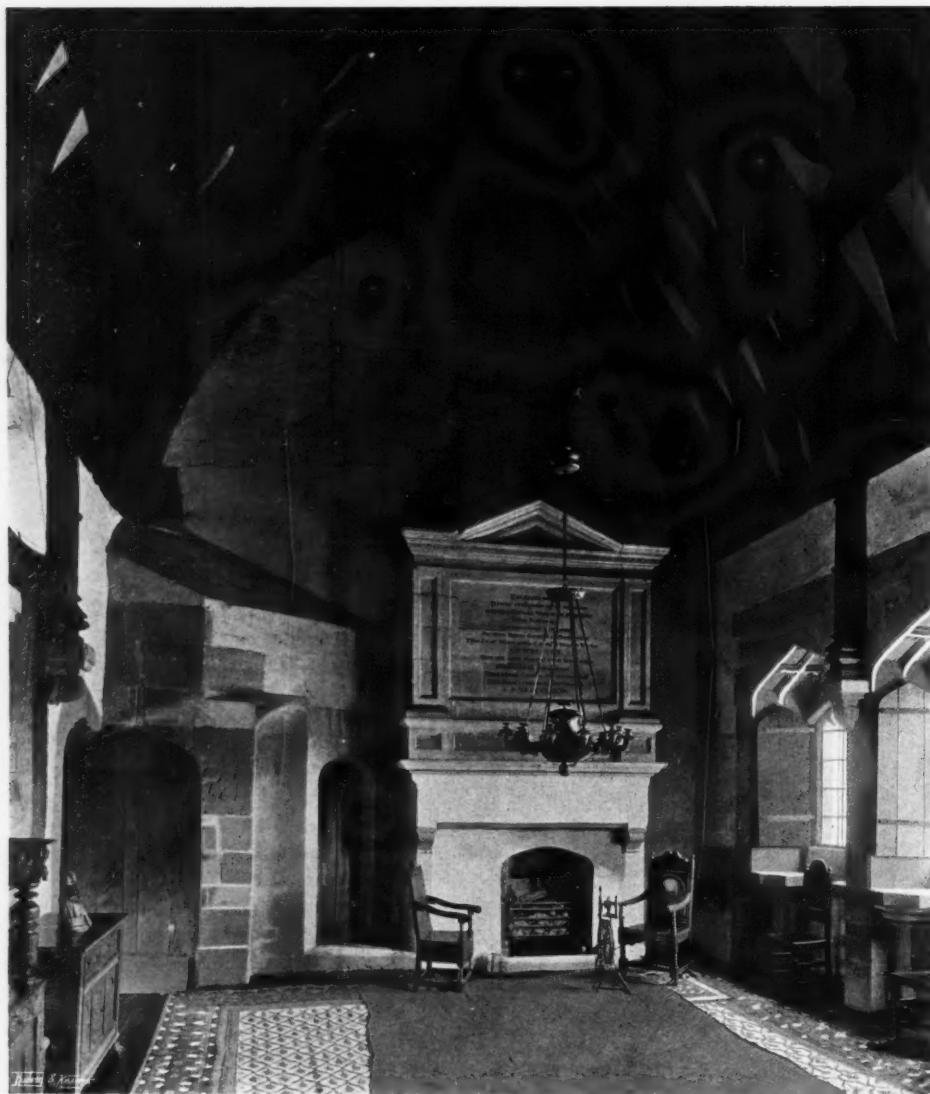


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THE NORMAN WING AND THE PRIORY RUINS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

France and declared to be denizen. Otherwise, its history—political, architectural and domestic—is almost a blank till towards the end of the fifteenth century. Then the event took place which it is the special object of this article to chronicle—the building of the new prior's lodge. What little remains of the general domestic buildings of Wenlock indicates an early origin. Built of rubble-stone like the infirmary, which survives, both belong mainly to the Norman period. But the moment came when the prior, who, with the decline in the number and character of the monks, grew of greater importance as a territorial lord, considered himself insufficiently housed. He pulled down whatever building stretched across the east end of the base court, of which the infirmary formed the north side, and built his new lodging on this site. It remains to this day little altered, and is a most characteristic and, in some respects, unique example of the late Gothic period. Not the slightest record of its erection has ever been found, and we can only date it by its style. There is a rapid succession of priors after the middle of the fifteenth century until the election of Richard Synger in 1485, and he lived till 1521. His date and the length of his rule rather mark him out as the builder, but his successor, Gracewell, was certainly a dabbler in bricks and mortar, as he writes of himself as effecting improvements in the fabric of the convent. But Gracewell's date is late for the style, and, moreover, his short tenure of the priorship was largely occupied by a revolt of the monks against him. At his request Cardinal Wolsey sent down a visitor to restore order, who took the best part of a year to compose the differences before he left Gracewell again in authority. Time and opportunity would, therefore, be rather lacking to him for so important an operation as the new lodge, which was considerable in size and elaborate in detail. Though purely Gothic in treatment, the coming change of style is just felt in the large amount and in the regularity of its window spaces. The Renaissance craftsman loved light and sought symmetry by uniformity, whereas the mediæval builder was satisfied to obtain it by balance, and was undismayed at obscurity. Here the windows are numerous, are all



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THE PRIOR'S HALL.

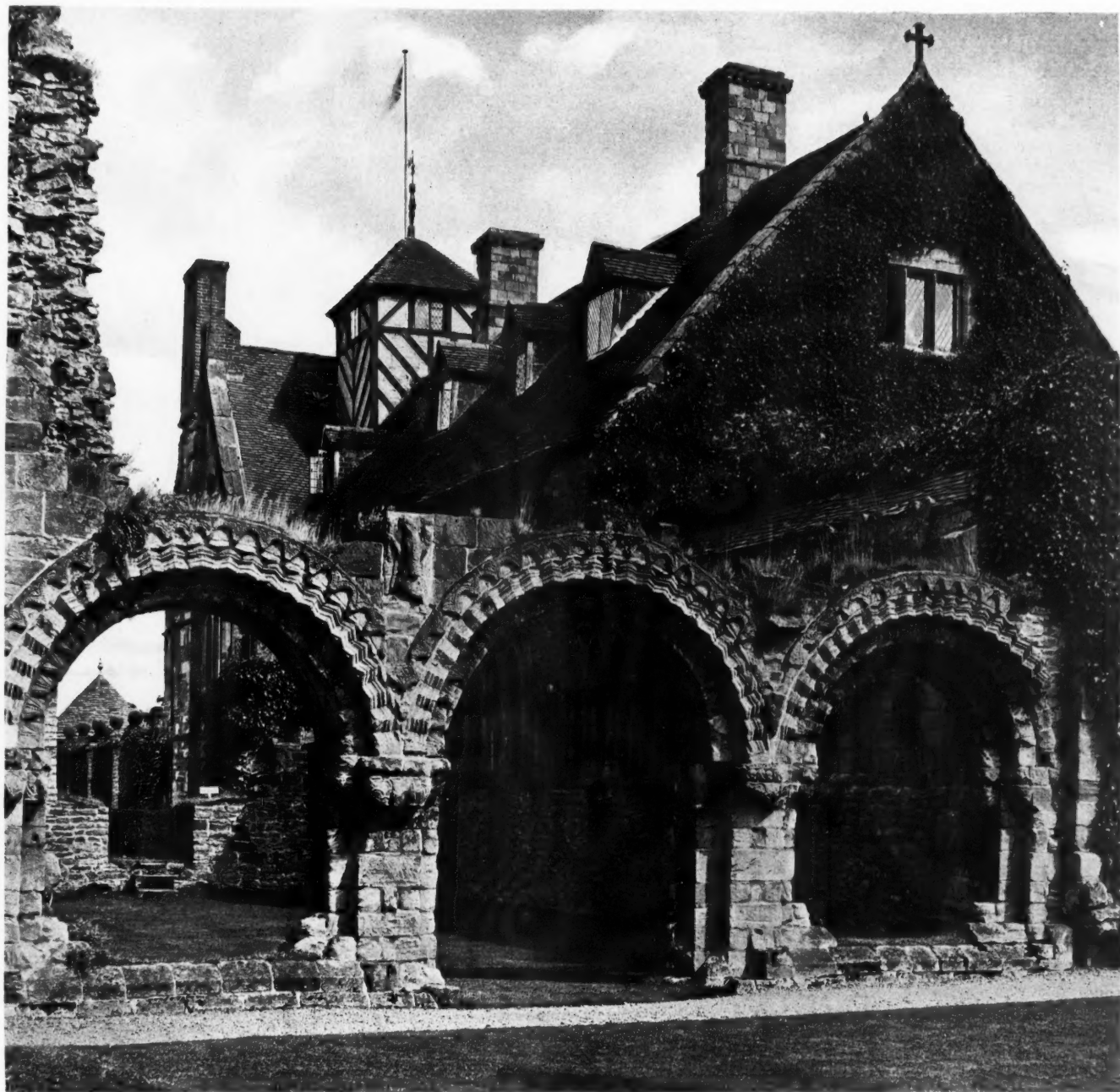
"COUNTRY LIFE."



alike, are set exactly over each other and are carefully spaced. The western elevation is the most remarkable. It offers a feature of which we have no other English example of the same date and material. The material—unlike the rubble walling of the earlier buildings—is dressed sandstone of charmingly-varied hue, from pale yellow to deep salmon. The feature is the two-storeyed gallery running from end to end and consisting of a continuous row of openings—originally unglazed—with trefoiled heads, broken only, between each double pair, by narrow but far-projecting buttresses. Over this gallery the main roof is brought down, giving (except for one later dormer) a vast and unbroken expanse of old stone tiling, which contrasts admirably with the variety and detail of the walling below. In the interior the gallery—nearly 100ft. long—is divided into two floors, giving access to the principal rooms—below to the chapel and offices,

carving of the pendant posts resting on the sculptured corbels. Of these there are two pairs, not dividing the roof into three equal sections, but near together, so as to make a narrow central bay, and were so placed to carry a louvre in the roof above, as if the old fashion of burning the fire on a "reredos" in the middle of the room had been retained. The projection of the modern chimney-piece lends colour to the idea that there was originally no fireplace here. This would be unusual, as, though the fifteenth century did not always add chimneys to the older halls—which never had them—it habitually built them into new ones. The presence of the louvre must not be taken as sure evidence of the absence of a chimney, as it continued to be a feature in halls even in the sixteenth century, when fireplaces were invariably present.

Three other interesting points appear in the illustration of this apartment. The deep window jambs of this period were



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NORMAN ARCHES AND WALL ARCADING OF CHAPTER HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

above, reached by a broad newel stair, to the prior's hall and parlour and to two other rooms, one of which, a small one, approached only through one of the others, is remarkable for the number, size and depth of its lockers recessed into the stonework of the walls, and with stone brackets to take the shelves. Of the upper gallery, with its massive oak timbering, an illustration is given. The weather-wear of the sandstone of its windows, doorways and brackets, due to four centuries of exposure, is well shown. The present glazing, essential to modern habits and furnishing, does not detract from the mediæval sense that prevails, as glass was prevalent in the fifteenth century. The great doorway on the left leads into the prior's hall, which we likewise illustrate. It is unchanged, except for the chimney-piece. The roof is exceptionally fine, both as to the size of its timbers and the finish of the design and execution. This appears in the

generally, in the case of an important room, fitted with stone seats on either side. Here these are replaced by dwarf columns supporting table-tops, and all four windows are so fitted. Just beyond the one which shows in the illustration may be seen the basin and recess of the water-drain, whereby slops, after the washing of hands or of wine goblets, could be got rid of. All the four rooms on this floor are so fitted; they project through the wall, and the lion heads and grotesques in which they terminate appear on the east elevation. The stone excrescence and little doorway on the left give into a small newel staircase leading down direct into the offices, which was for the service of the hall.

We have given a somewhat detailed description of this room, as it is typical of fifteenth century architecture and habits of life, and is the least altered of any in the house. Next to it, with windows to both east and south, was the prior's parlour, ceiled

at the wall-plate, and with the stairway, leading to his dormitory above, screened off. This stairway and the intervening floor are now removed, and it makes a delightful sitting-room, open to the roof, full of light and sunshine, and set with many a characteristic piece of sixteenth and seventeenth century oak. Only during half a century did St. Milburga's priors enjoy their new lodge. The downfall of the monasteries was at hand; Prior Cressage was no martyr and made no stand against the suppression of his house. He surrendered it in 1539, and was given a pension and his manor house at Madeley, where he died. Madeley had been one of the more valuable of the convent's estates, as it included Caldebrook (Coalbrookdale), where dues were levied for leave to dig for "sea coal" in the "brook holes" as early as 1322.

For a moment it seemed that the splendid minster might be saved. It was to be the Cathedral Church of the proposed Shrewsbury diocese, to which a bishop was even appointed. But the royal pockets were ever empty, and their filling had to take precedence of the service of religion. The Salopian see was dropped, and Augustine de Augustine, Wolsey's physician, became grantee of the Wenlock estate, which he shortly resold to the Lawleys. Ruin soon fell upon the church. It was dismantled, St. Milburga's shrine being publicly and enthusiastically destroyed by the Reformers. Gradually, the whole vast group of buildings became a stone quarry, and an eighteenth century view depicts it with a waggon awaiting to carry off the material of one of its great columns which is being thrown down. To this general destruction there was one exception. The prior's lodge was so recent in construction and so well fulfilled the residential requirements of the day, that the Lawleys inhabited it untouched, gaining additional accommodation by throwing in the Norman infirmary building, which they divided up into rooms. They added, where needed, in wall or roof, a few square-topped mullioned windows, and set up the picturesque little look-out turret which rises up at the north-east angle. Their tenure was not long. After the third generation it passed into other hands, and became part of the vast estates of the Wynns of Wynnstay. It fell into disuse and neglect, but thereby escaped that remodelling in a later style which was sure to have taken place had it remained during the eighteenth century a residence of "people of quality." Better days were at hand. A connection of the Wynns came into possession in the middle of the nineteenth century, desiring it rather

because the lordship of the manor of Wenlock carried with it a safe seat in Parliament than from archaeological interest. Yet the latter was by no means wanting. The repairs were done with judgment and restraint. The necessary alterations were planned, as far as possible, to emphasise rather than efface the Gothic work, and in a spirit of preservation rather than of "restoration." A country-side still, at that time, rich in the oak work of Elizabethan times, was ransacked for furniture and paneling, so that not merely the halls and parlours, but the ample kitchen—as large as the prior's hall above it—is itself a picture, with its four highly finished Gothic windows, its stone cornice, its beamed ceiling, and set with oak tabling and cupboarding of ancient date, and an early dresser of exceptional length and good design garnished with bright copper and pleasant earthenware. To find the same note of antiquity, passing from the upper to the lower stratum of rooms, satisfies exceedingly by its tone of complete fulfilment.

In the garden, too, there is a sense of thoughtful propriety—of reaching just those individual effects which the peculiarity of the conditions dictated. Set where the manifold and intricate remains of the vast conventual establishment crop up everywhere within its *enceinte*, there was no opportunity for a balanced design or broad effects, but ample scope for the mystery of separate enclosure and the fascination of unexpected feature. Here we have the old cloister garth, with the grey and lichened ruins rising out of velvet turf. There is the walled rose garden profuse with bloom on bush, on standard and on pillar. Over its walls peeps the varied roofage of the dwelling, or, between trees, rises the great perpendicular west window and the tall spire of the parish church, while one gap in the more immediate surroundings allows the eye to travel afar on to the hill country behind. On the side of the bowling green where the town huddles close up to the old monastic precincts, a yew hedge, so high and massive as to rival the solidity of the mediæval ruins around, ensures privacy, while on the other side it is kept low and offers a smiling prospect over the rich meadow-lands of the vale.

Within and without, Wenlock Priory—now always misnamed the Abbey—bears abundant trace of an ownership conscious of its exceptional value, eager for its lengthened preservation, alive to every possible development and presentment of its beauty and its charm.

## THE CORNER POOL.

"YOU must distinctly understand" (ran the letter) "that I don't pretend to let you anything but the shoot. Try your luck with the rod by all means, but it will be a waste of time. The river bounds two of the fields, and there is a good autumn run of salmon, but they don't appear to halt there, although there is one big pool at a corner that used to hold them. A local romance, I believe, accounts for this, but I leave you to extract it. As you know, I don't fish."

Once an angler always and first and foremost an angler. And now, early in October, the rain had come at last. Falling heavily all night, it had cleared before noon sufficiently for us to be out with the guns, after nothing in particular. Late in the afternoon I had left the others for the particular purpose of seeing how things were going in the big pool at the corner, where once upon a time the salmon used to lie, and I noted with a thrill the brown and already swollen stream. The bank just here was horrible—boggy, pierced with springs and encumbered with an undergrowth that had not been lopped for years. Tentatively I commenced to pull at a few of the most obvious offenders.

"Better let me put the hook to 'im, sir!"

"Hullo, Jim! You fairly made me jump."

"'Tis the water. It do make noise enough for anything."

"It does make a tidy row," I admitted. "I suppose you haven't got that billhook about you?"

"No, but he baint far off. What do 'ee want done, sir?"

"I want to clear a cast—a fishing cast, you know. There ought to be a salmon here to-morrow—eh?"

I looked at Jim. Jim looked past me at some distant object in the next county. "Anyhow, I'm going to give it a fair trial," I said.

Jim's gaze retraced the intervening miles. "Baint no salmon in that pool and never wur."

"Never, Jim?"

"So they do say, sir." Native caution differs from the acquired article. It is never caught napping.

"Surely the old squire had many a good one here?" I asked.

"Never heard on it, sir."

"Very well! the young 'un did. Plenty of 'em."

Jim smiled as if he saw his way out. "You do seem to know more about it than us do," he said, pleasantly.

(From which it may be gathered that incidentally I had extracted the "romance," which, in itself a tragedy, did not as an

explanation carry conviction. In addition I had a very confident, not to say cock-sure, theory, of which more hereafter.)

The ground thus cleared, we trudged homeward in the dusk, and I heard reminiscences of the proud, obstinate old man, getting poorer every year, and the fast young son who assisted in the process—tales of the present owner, whom we called Hoggeneimer, because it remotely resembled the real name, at which every loyal villager metaphorically spat—tales of sport that was almost poaching, and poaching that was certainly sport. My friend, the owner of the farm we were on (now under a Southern sun with an ailing wife), would not let, sell, or otherwise deal with Mr. Hoggeneimer, and he, and in a lesser degree his friends, shone in the public gaze accordingly. Before parting, Jim arranged to meet me on the morrow armed with a billhook, while I was almost ready to promise that my rod would not be idle. With me on the visit were my brother-in-law and a younger friend, and at dinner that night I unfolded the legend of the corner pool somewhat as follows: One night, some eight years previously, a local worthy known as "Gaffer" Smith was missing from his accustomed seat in the alehouse. This event, never known to occur except as coincident with his detention under a conviction for poaching, gave rise to a certain amount of comment, which, during the next and several succeeding days, rose to the level of a sensation, as it was realised that he had definitely disappeared. It was set at rest by a fall and clearing of the river after flood, and the consequent discovery of the body in the pool jammed between two rocks. There were bruises that the conditions easily accounted for, and a verdict of accidental death being the only possible result, the incident, so far as the unfortunate poacher was concerned, would seem to have been closed. Later, some time later, ugly little rumours commenced to flit about the village. Away up at the Hall things were in a bad case, and it was said that the lawyers were even then trying to squeeze a little more out of the already dry estate to enable the young squire to purchase a farm in Canada. However, up to and including the night in question, no one appears to have looked upon his departure as imminent or even settled. The fact remains that by the first train next morning he left the ancestral home, as far as was known, never to return; left it, moreover, with a blackened eye and sundry other damages that were the object of actual enquiry at the station. It is probably true that there really was bad blood between him and the deceased; certainly he was of a passionate nature, and had before this come



into conflict with the fraternity. What is not so reliable is the evidence as to his movements during the evening, which, in the lapse of time, appear to have acquired a suspicious continuity.

And what, as my relative enquired, had this to do with the fishing?

The estate fell into the hands of mortgagees. An Elysian state of things prevailed for a while; and if it was true (as I did not for one moment believe) that from the night of the--well, the catastrophe, no salmon was again known to lie in the pool, then it was indeed a remarkable fact. Plenty of skilled eyes and fingers had been at work; and herein, I felt sure, lay the explanation—

"What price that?" I cried.

Jim, obviously shaken, would admit nothing.

With none too steady fingers, I put up a well-tested cast and launched a medium-sized Durham Ranger upon a voyage of discovery. As it neared the fateful spot, I made my usual resolve not to strike too soon, so confident was I of a rise. Nothing happened. A little less confident, I tried him with a Childers, Popham, Jock Scott; and these warriors, returning to the fly-book after futile errands, represented each a decline in hope. Finally I gave it up in despair.

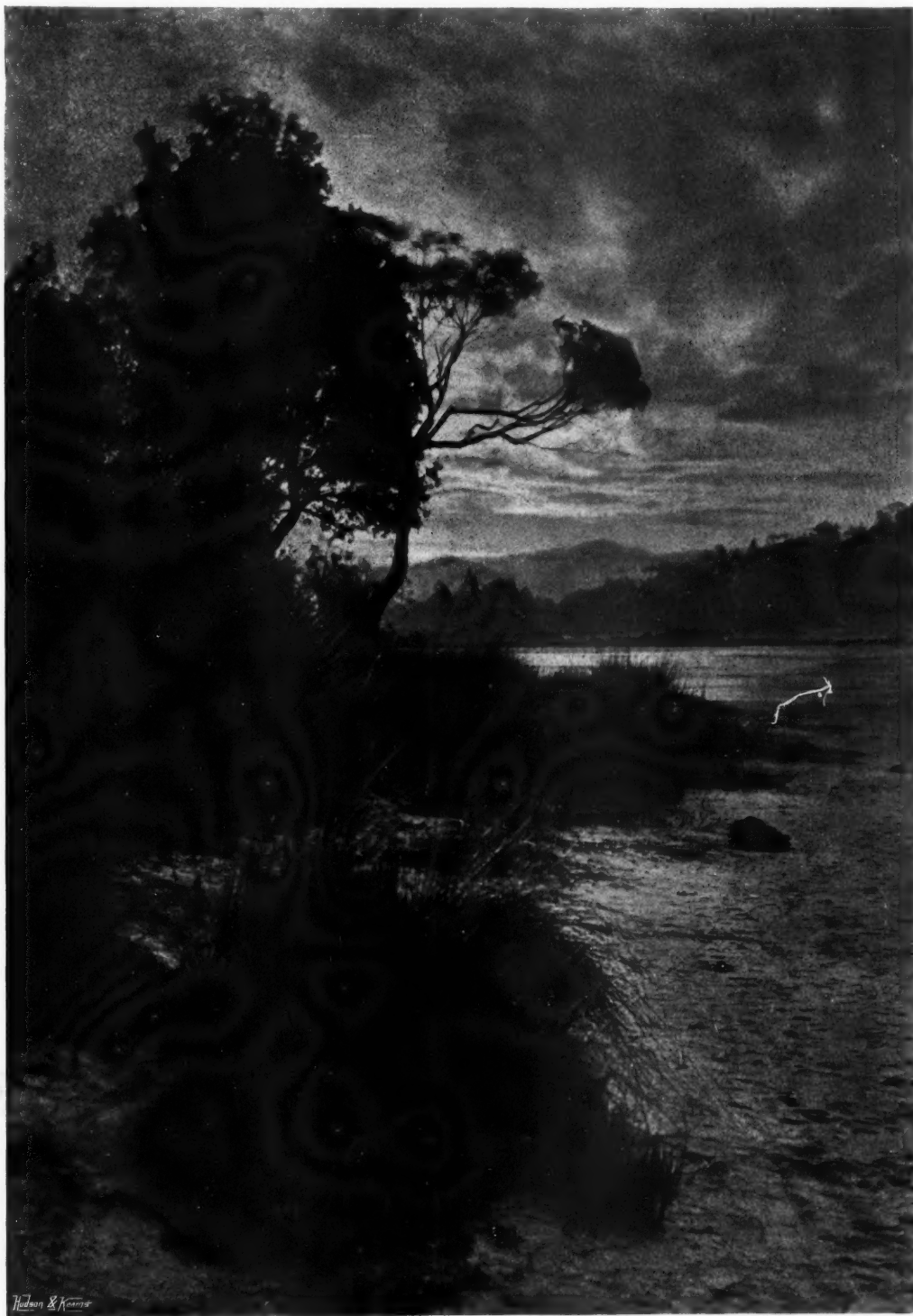
"Hang it all! He's there, anyhow."

Jim shook an emphatic head. "He wur!" he said, solemnly.

This was a new aspect, and made me laugh. A vague, legendary haunting was well enough; but the idea of an actual something, there and on the spot, that before our very eyes had scared the quarry out of the neighbourhood, was really too much. The salmon, one knows, is not an emotional creature. At dinner on that night my theory was not quite so obtrusive; but I was fully determined that the whole of the next day should be devoted to the problem, and that it should be solved now or never; for, of course, I was certain by now that the fish were running. And so ended the second day.

The incidents of the morrow, or the greater part thereof, can be summarised. On the Childers I landed a large cabbage-stalk, several other lures accounted for dead leaves, and a Thunder and Lightning remained to decorate the steep and wooded cliff opposite. It was a day of sudden and violent showers, when I would retire to shelter and to smoke and trust that no one would appear to watch my performances. Twice a small fish leapt in the run below and made me swear. Other incident there was none. It was past the middle of the afternoon; the bog had become a nightmare, and my back ached. I would cover the water with a minnow just once and then retire defeated. A blue phantom was soon at work and my spirits rallied. But it was soon over, and no earthly use. Another storm was brewing, and to employ the few minutes before it broke I moved rooyds, up stream. There, between high and narrow banks, was a pool, whose only qualification for holding fish was its likeness to one I knew of on another river, a slender thread, indeed. Wasting no time upon cutlying portions, I stood at the head, casting some way down and across and bringing the minnow up the centre, where it span slow and deep. The bait had almost reached me when, to my amazement, something came and hung on in a way that dragged the long, pliant

fly-rod to the water's edge. I struck smartly, and after a minute, to my satisfaction, the fish rushed up stream, a straight run of current where one could hold on without risk and break the heart of anything. Soon he was back at top speed, past me, and right down into the pit of the corner pool. "And now," said I to myself, "now for a certain sulk." Not a bit of it! He was off up stream again like a torpedo. To avoid details of the fight, in the end he gave up suddenly—too suddenly, in fact, coming past me on the stream keel upwards, and very nearly washed through and out of the pool. Careful and anxious pressure just averted this disaster, and, to my relief, he swung



W. H. Fowkes.

A TIDAL REACH.

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systematic and untiring poaching, concentrated upon this one unwatched spot, while the Hoggenheimer keepers saw to it that there was no practising elsewhere. So that, if I meant to get a fish, it would have to be very soon after his arrival or not at all. It was three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day when the trusty Jim commenced the attack, and under those busy hands errant tree and bush began to look very forlorn. Considering that enough had been done, I called a halt for the purpose of inspection. Suddenly, just above the line of broken water below, there was a long dull gleam, and a grand fish rolled into the pool.

clear and was towed into a quiet bay. Between us were several bushes, and he was, of course, down stream. I was just about to wade in when the fish made a tired, desperate roll, getting a few yards out, but coming back inert. The third time this occurred its singularity struck me. We all know that tired, desperate wriggle well enough, when the gillie kneels gaff in hand, but I had no gillie with a gaff to alarm him. I only wished I had as I stepped in and crawled round or through the bushes, praying that I might not light upon a hole, and joyful beyond words as at last I got through and stood with shortened line, taking my bearings for the stroke. The fish was absolutely dead beaten by now, and lay in what would have been still later but for the pelting rain. Without undue haste I unshipped the gaff, saw that everything was clear and then—

I was splashing and stumbling blindly past the bushes again, caring only for one thing—to be away anywhere from that accursed spot! Instinctively I held on to the rod with my left hand, and with my right fumbled vainly for scissors to cut the line. Once I fell in 2ft. of water, and, again, as I struggled up the bank, I went down into the mud full length, but I got into the open at last. And all the while the reel screeched like a fiend. There was a sharp tug, and, walking mechanically to the edge, I hauled in without care or mercy a fine salmon, collared him somewhere about the gills, and flung him far out into the field. Then I went and sat beside him and panted.

What had happened? Nerves? Liver? Sheer lunacy? Whatever it was, it was a severe attack that would drive any angler to a desperate anxiety to part company with his fish as I had tried to do. I do not say positively that I had seen, heard or felt anything out of the ordinary, but I know what I fancied I had seen, and it was this. Most of us, at some time or another, have watched an expert "tail" a salmon. Well, just at the

supreme moment, when the fish lay in the quiet water where the rain pelted, I saw (or fancied I saw) a hand—a hand and wrist, large, weather-beaten, with a thick growth of reddish hair—creeping with practised fingers into position for the grip. I saw nothing more, nor did I wait to see anything more.

The rain had ceased, and, a faint ray of sunlight appearing, all things combined to make me feel exceedingly foolish and not a little ashamed. I had an idea, moreover, I had dropped the gaff somewhere, so, lighting a pipe, I walked slowly and observantly through the bog until I came to the little bay. For yards around it a smooth surface of silt had been left by the flood, and the footprints of a kitten would have shown. But there were no footprints either of a kitten or anything else, and I made my way back to the fish. By that pleasing spectacle stood a familiar figure, for once quite beyond speech.

"Sixteen pounds or thereabouts, isn't he, Jim?"

"Well! If I baint—" He stuck.

"All right, Jim," I said. "I've got a conscience. I didn't get him in the pool, but in the run over there. So I haven't upset your notion—as yet."

So we walked home, my companion elated and unusually communicative. "Not but what he brought it on hisself, so to speak; for he was the wust on 'em—the very wust."

"A little dark chap, wasn't he?"

"Bless your heart, no, sir! You do know that loutish young chap that do help me with the cows? His own son, and the very spit of 'im. Six feet and more, and red as a fox. And now, I s'pose, you'll be down to river again to-morrow, won't 'ee, sir?"

"I don't know, Jim. I came here to shoot, you know, not to fish. And I'm beginning to think that, for some reason or another, fish really don't lie in that corner pool."

W. BERNARD TONKIN.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE BENEFIT OF MULCHING AND WATERING.

AT the time of writing the weather is intensely hot. Summer has met spring with a vengeance, and no rains have fallen to moisten the dry earth. Before these notes appear in print spring showers may have fallen; but whether this be so or no, we may well refer, as the summer is dawning, to the value of mulching and watering. Mulching is one of the most beneficial of garden practices, and prevents much injury to trees and shrubs, especially those planted in the previous autumn or spring. Many trees have been saved through this timely help, the mulch of well-decayed manure over the roots keeping the soil not only in a fairly even condition of moisture, but acting as a food also. Mulching is a necessity on hot and dry soils in particular, and when a thorough watering is given this acts more beneficially than when water is poured on a hot and thirsty soil. A mulch brings health and abundant cropping too. With regard to watering, this is a simple matter, the point being to give plenty and not driplets.

### THE FORGET-ME-NOTS.

The first twinkling little flowers of the Forget-me-not remind one of the beauty of other kinds. *Myosotis sylvatica* is the wood Forget-me-not, the kind we are most acquainted with, and few prettier flowers exist than this sky-blue wildling of the wood. It is a favourite with the writer for the shady border, and brings sunshine to places where one thinks nothing could grow. Associated with the Woodruff and the Spanish Bluebell, its clear and delightful colouring gains in charm. Where it is in suitable positions, it sows itself freely; but where it is not yet established, sow the seed in August in light soil. Another beautiful Forget-me-not is that of the marsh, a water-loving species which is frequently seen in ditches and by stream-sides. It varies somewhat, and one form is called *semperflorans*, owing to the length of its flowering season. *M. dissitiflora* is called the Early Forget-me-not on account of its early flowering. It is a charming little plant not more than 6in. high, and the flowers appear until the middle of the summer; they are intense blue in colour, and welcome not only in the rock garden, but in the border. Another



B. Smith.

DOUBLE DAFFODILS BY THE WATERSIDE.

Copyright.



species worthy of a place in the garden is *M. azorica*, or the azorean Forget-me-not, which, as suggested by its habitat, is somewhat tender, and therefore must have a warm, sheltered place in the rock garden where the soil is light. The flowers are deep blue in colour. A well-known Forget-me-not is a variety of this, and known by the name of *Impératrice Elizabeth*. We think this was grown more in the past than at the present day. Several other Forget-me-nots are in cultivation, and one of the best known of these is *M. alpestris*, the Alpine Forget-me-not, which is suitable only for the rock garden. It delights in sandstone, and makes a dense, compact growth, covered in the appointed season with flowers of a delicious blue. We have grown these Forget-me-nots for years, and find them a never-failing source of pleasure.

#### THE FORSYTHIAS.

It is a pleasure in the early spring days to see the Forsythias covered with their glorious yellow flowers, strings of blossom, as bright and welcome as the fragrant yellow Jasmine of winter. *F. suspensa* is the shrub which is most unruly in growth, but this characteristic we enjoy, as it enables one to plant the shrub in the wilder parts of the garden where it can have free play. We have noticed that of recent years it has been much used in the London and suburban parks, and the gleam of gold undimmed by the expanding foliage gives a freshness to the spring of the year. A background of greenery brings out the colouring of the flowers, for it must be remembered that the Forsythias are deciduous, and bloom before the foliage appears. It is necessary to keep this rampant hardy shrub within bounds, and, fortunately, it does not object to severe cutting back. The best time for this to be done is when the flowers have faded. Besides *F. suspensa* there is the bushy *F. viridissima*, which is quite a shrub, strong in growth, and makes a free and beautiful group. We have planted it in a group of six in front of a mixed shrubbery, and the effect of the mass of yellow flowers is essentially springlike.

#### PLANTS FOR GARDEN VASES.

We have been asked, as the season is at hand for once again filling the vases in the garden, the names of the best plants for the purpose, and cannot give better advice than tendered by one of the most artistic gardeners of the present day. The notes were sent to the writer two or three years ago, and were for his own information. As others are seeking assistance we repeat them. The question as to the best plants for this use is one that often arises. In one way it is easily answered, for there can be no doubt that there are no summer plants that so exactly suit the purpose as Geraniums. The habit and appearance of the plant is exactly of the right character—rather solid and important, while its stiff, half-woody stems enable it to withstand a good deal of wind. Moreover, it comes to its best in the late summer and early autumn, when the gardens where the important stone vases usually find a home are wanted to be at their best. They are also plants that gardeners are so well accustomed to growing that they can depend on attaining the result required. The choice of kinds is now so large that there is plenty of alternative. There can be little doubt that for general good effect those of the softer scarlet colourings and those inclining to a salmon tint are the best. Nothing can well beat the salmon-coloured double King of Denmark. The colour is delightfully satisfying to the eye, both of the critical and untaught; the doubling is just double enough—it gives the flower an expansive richness without crowding of petals. Geraniums are rather better in vases than in beds, because the vase becomes warmed, and with daily watering the conditions it offers are exactly what the plants like best—sun and warmth to root and top and free air all round. Whether or not to add some Ivy-leaved sorts to hang over the edge is a matter that must be determined by the form and place of the

pot, but they are generally more suitable to a thing of larger design. The choice of the pot plants must depend also on the degree of shelter of the place where the pots or vases stand. In a very sheltered place the best of the Petunias are good pot plants. The best means the good whites, whether single or double, the purples being nearly all infected with an unpleasant rankness of colouring that makes them unbearable to the critical colour eye. They have the advantage of remaining long in beauty, for it must be remembered that the pot plant must be long enduring. A vase in a sheltered place, 2ft. high and as much broad, reckoned independently of any plinth or pier on which it may stand, might be beautifully dressed with a standard Heliotrope in the middle, about 2ft. 6in. high, with a base planting of white Petunias, on the standard of such a height as would show just a little of the stem free above the Petunia. A well-grown Fuchsia of the Mme. Cornellison type, or any red and white double that is not too double, would also be a good centre plant.

#### VIOLET PRINCESS OF WALES.

This seems to have been remarkably fine this season, the flowers that have been sent to the writer being larger, richer in colour and even more fragrant than those of last year. Only a rough cold frame and ordinary soil are necessary for their culture. Anything like artificial heat is an abomination to the Violet, also a stuffy atmosphere. The lights should in favourable weather be removed during the day, as upon a fresh, healthy leafage, free from mildew or decay, depends the quality and abundance of the flowers. We prefer the single Violets to the double forms, though there is much to be said in favour of the popular Marie Louise, one of the sweetest in scent of its race.

#### A PLANT FOR BEES.

An annual flower to sow near beehives is the pretty little *Limnanthes Douglasii*, which has bright flowers, yellow in the centre, paling towards the margin. It is so hardy that self-sown seedlings stand the winter and flower with even greater freedom than those sown in March. It seems to succeed anywhere, and is certainly one of the most accommodating of the plants that bloom in the summer and early autumn months.

#### RANDOM NOTES.

*Queen Wasps.*—As the question of the destruction of queen wasps has been brought forward recently, it may interest readers of these notes to read the following advice from a contemporary, referring to the necessity of co-operation. The destruction, as is pointed out, is a matter affecting a considerable portion of the community. It is practically useless for one or two in a village to take up the work—it must be made a general business; it might well be included in the duties that occupy the attention of parish and district councillors. The writer of the advice usually accounts for between 200 and 300 queens, but, despite this, close on 100 nests have to be taken annually, and that within a radius of a little over half a mile, with his garden as a centre. Very little is done elsewhere in the neighbourhood to lessen their numbers, although the representatives of many different trades, as well as gardeners, are loud in their complaints as to the mischief done.

*Tea Rose Lady Roberts.*—This beautiful Rose was shown in perfect form at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society by Messrs. Frank Cant and Co., Braiswick, Colchester, who were the raisers. It is not a new Rose, though one of the more recent, and is, as far as we can discover, more suitable for growing under glass than in the open. We should like to receive an expression of opinion upon this point, as our experience is that in the garden its flowers are poorer in colour and none too shapely. Those shown by these well-known rosarians were of that rich apricot colouring that suggests the Moor Park Apricot at its ripest.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

READERS whose minds are open and yet sympathetic, if they do not place their critical faculty in abeyance, must be puzzled by the book which Miss Clementina Black has written on *Sweated Industries and the Minimum Wage* (Duckworth). They will have a strong feeling that the ill-paid kind of overwork for which the name "sweating" has been invented ought to be discountenanced. They will be in favour of everybody doing a fair day's work for a fair day's wage, but there are circumstances in our industrial position which must induce them to wonder if there is a way out of the "sweating" difficulty. Heartrending accounts are given of the ill-paid labour of young women. We hear of shirts having to be made at from 9d. to 1s. 9d. per dozen; and for covering racquet balls a superior young woman is said to have earned about 5s. a week, the price paid being 2s. per gross. Such examples can be multiplied indefinitely. But what we would like to ask is, how these young persons are compelled to do work that is so ill-paid? Anyone taking up a provincial paper will see column after column full of advertisements for domestic servants, and newspaper correspondence shows that mothers and housekeepers are at their wits' end to procure maids of any sort. No one contends that the young women thus employed are overworked or underpaid. At all events, they are in the vast majority of cases housed in a comfortable and clean manner and wholesomely fed. The question is, could not some at least of the female labour now employed at sweating establishments be directed into domestic service? Many are unfit, but these should be a remnant. Surely if the harrowing accounts given are even approximately correct, if the clothes of these workers are thin and ragged, their food sloppy and insufficient, their dwellings overcrowded and insanitary, a change to the position of being even a general

servant in a middle-class English household would be one for the better. For this department of activity there is a very decided scarcity in the supply, and it is incredible that any girl capable of washing and scrubbing should not be able to find employment of this kind if she wished it. And even on the masculine side a state of affairs not altogether dissimilar prevails. Whoever is under the necessity of employing steady and industrious labourers experiences a very considerable difficulty in laying hold of them. The unemployed abound and the sweated appear to be beyond number. Ought it then to be an insurmountable problem to divert labour from the undesirable to the desirable departments? Miss Black has a touching faith in legislation; but Acts of Parliament are not omnipotent. Mr. John Burns, who can scarcely be accused of any want of sympathy with the toiling section of mankind, told a body of working men the other day that the only way Government can help them was by showing them how to help themselves. It seems to us that philanthropists could not employ their time and energy more usefully than by going about among those whom our authoress calls "the poorest of all," and selecting from them such as appear qualified to work their way in more respectable industries.

All the same, it would be interesting to have some, at least, of the statements examined and confirmed. Let us for a moment examine the figures given on the authority of Miss Gertrude Tuckwell in the introduction. It is stated that the price for making a dress coat by the members of a trade union is from £1 5s. 6d. to £1 7s. 6d., while the non-unionist is paid from 10s. to 16s. The same comparison applied to the making of a frock coat, waistcoat and vest and trousers shows a proportionate difference. Is it quite certain that the garment is the same? We know that the dress coat supplied by a reputable tailor is a very different article from that which is supplied by a ready-made

store, and unless the prices quoted apply to the same garment they are of very little value. In regard to women's dress we encounter still more startling contrasts. The trade union price for pressing, machining, baisting and felling a lady's costume is said to be (with very little extras), 30s., while that for a lady's jacket is given at 23s. But in these cases it is evident that only garments of a very superior kind are alluded to. After all, the great mass of the population of this country consists of those labourers whose income is considerably under £3 a week, and it is very certain that the wife or daughter of the working man who is earning, say, from 30s. to £2 a week cannot afford costumes that cost 30s. and jackets that cost 23s. to make. The non-union prices paid are 1s. 7½d. in the case of a lady's costume and 9½d. in the case of ladies' jackets. But we cannot for one moment believe that the costume which is made at a cost of 30s. is a similar costume to that turned out at 1s. 7½d., or that it is sold to the same class of buyer. Mr. A. G. Gardiner, who writes the introduction, exclaims, "ninepence three farthings against twenty-three shillings! How is it possible for honest industry to compete against this exploitation of flesh and blood subsidised by the ratepayer?" But when common-sense has brought all the objections it can against the evidently exaggerated statements made by those who have taken up the cudgels against sweating, there remain enough stern facts to give cause to think to all who have the welfare of their fellow-men at heart. Such a list as the following is one deserving of careful study and examination:

Blouse makers (receiving from 1s. 6d. a dozen), underclothing makers, trouser finishers (from 2½d. a pair), sack makers (at 8d. or 9d. for a "turn" of 12, 15 or 18), makers of boot boxes (at 1s. 4d. a gross), of soap boxes and tack boxes, makers of baby clothes and of children's shoes, finishers of woollen gloves, tassel makers, umbrella coverers, artificial flower makers, forgers of chains and strikers of nails, carders of buttons (at 3s. per 100 gross), and of hooks and eyes (at 8d. and 9d. per twenty-four gross), cappers of safety pins (at 1s. 6d. per 100 gross)—all of these are busy among us hour

after hour, and day after day, for seven days a week, and are receiving in return a remuneration ranging from ¼d. to 2d. per hour.

In the first place, we should like to see these figures verified by an impartial authority, and in the second place it would be worth while to institute a searching examination into the condition of the people thus employed, with the object of finding out what avenues there are for their industry. In this country no woman is bound to make blouses at 1s. 6d. a dozen or to turn out boot boxes at 1s. 4d. a gross. We should like to ascertain what are the conditions of their life that keep them to this form of work. Further than that it is essential to know what truth is contained in the following allegation:

Only ignorance can flatter itself—as indeed ignorance is fond of doing—with the idea that none but cheap goods or cheap shops are tainted with sweating. Any person inclining to that opinion is advised to hang about the back doors of leading shops soon after they open in the morning or just before they close at night, and to observe the furtive figures that pass in and out with bundles. The taint is everywhere; there is no dweller in this country, however well-intentioned, who can declare with certainty that he has no share in this oppression of the poorest and most helpless among his compatriots.

One would like not to wear clothes that had been produced by sweated industry, but such statements lead to an uncomfortable suggestion that to avoid it is not easy, even if the tailors who make the clothes can be seen at work, and their pay bills lie open to scrutiny. Some of the work may be sent out. Those who believe in wearing nothing except what is hand-made may at least have the consolation of knowing that every worker engaged directly or indirectly by them is fairly remunerated; and in regard to women's clothes the same thing must hold true. After all, a great dressmaking establishment is one where the hands work inside, and where wages are not insufficient. In fact, the business opens up chances by which many an industrious young woman of the working classes has climbed to a position she could not otherwise have reached.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### SOME NOTES ON MIGRATION.

WHILE on a journey recently down the Atlantic seaboard of Morocco, one saw a good many birds at different times and places. Soon after passing Cape Spartel, after leaving Tangier, I noticed, about two miles out at sea, a bird struggling with the somewhat stiff easterly breeze. Presently the bird swept down wind and came close to the ship, round which it flew two or three times. It was a hoopoe, and, judging from its somewhat wearied flight, I suppose it to have been attempting the passage of the Straits of Gibraltar from Africa to Europe. The strong Levanter blowing through the Straits had, I imagine, driven it from its course. When I last set eyes on the bird it was heading for the shore eight or ten miles south-west of Spartel. The hoopoe, during the somewhat rare occasions on which it visits England, has a wretched time of it in this country, and is generally destroyed by some zealous "collector" soon after its presence becomes known. Among the Moors of North Africa this charming bird is, on the contrary, held in high veneration.

### GREEN PLOVERS AT SEA.

Land-birds at sea have, to my mind, always a pathetic interest for the lover of Nature. The immense journeys which the irresistible instinct of migration impels them to undertake often place them in very dangerous predicaments, and the annual toll of migratory birds taken by the hungry sea must run, in different parts of the world, into hundreds of thousands. A strong shift of wind or the sudden rising of a gale will often sweep thousands of flying birds far away from land, and after a struggle, sometimes brief, sometimes long, yet equally unavailing, they perish miserably. Soon after quitting the Bay of Biscay, on the return home, we saw several green plover far out at sea, setting their course for England. They were presumably making the passage from the coast of France somewhere about Ushant and were impeded by a strong north-easterly breeze. The birds were progressing at the rate of about nine or ten knots, and seemed to me not very comfortable in their passage. Sometimes they would pass the ship, turn off with a characteristic flap or two of their rounded wings and drop away down wind. Occasionally they descended close to the level of the sea and flew half a mile or a mile at an elevation of no more than a yard or two above the waves. The last one I saw, a single bird, which had kept the ship company without once attempting to take shelter for several hours, was left behind some four or five hours off the Casquets, near Guernsey. Probably this plover and its fellows eventually reached land, in spite of their apparent lack of confidence. These lapwings, in fact, by no means impressed one with their powers of flight when thus crossing a stretch of perhaps a couple of hundred miles of salt water. Compared with the gulls, which wait on a ship day after day in its swift passage with not the semblance of an effort, their performance on this occasion seemed a singularly feeble one. I can scarcely suppose that they had been blown off the land—there had been no recent storm to account for such a thing—and the plovers were to all seeming merely on their passage from Europe to England. A cock chaffinch which came on board during the same afternoon showed much more sense and confidence. He remained on the ship, coolly picking up odds and ends of food, until night had overtaken us. Next morning, by which time we were in sight of the English Coast, he had vanished, no-doubt to congratulate himself on having attained land thus comfortably.

### LESSER KESTRELS IN MOROCCO.

Bird-life in Morocco is always interesting, and one seldom lands in that country at any of the various Atlantic Coast towns, from Tangier to Mogador, without setting eyes on some curious or beautiful example of avifaunal life. At Mazagan, for example, where I happened to be on March 16th last, numbers of that beautiful little falcon the lesser kestrel (*Tinnunculus cestris*) were wheeling and sailing about the warm reddish brown walls of the huge old battlements erected by the Portuguese in the days of their pride, 400 years ago. For an hour or more I enjoyed the spectacle. These charming kestrels seldom hovered in their flight while I watched them, though occasionally one would rest on the walls or upon the roof of a neighbouring house, or on the minaret of a mosque. Their sharp cries resounded frequently through the warm clear air of the pleasant African morning. The lesser kestrel ranges during winter as far south in Africa as the Cape Colony, where I have often observed it, as well as in other parts of South Africa. Like many other hawks and falcons in Africa these birds follow the rains, which supply them with an abundance of food. All the maritime regions of Morocco during last month were green with crops and vegetation, and gay with wild flowers. Locusts, unfortunately, were abundant, and I have no doubt that the little kestrels I saw at Mazagan were feeding largely upon these insects. Round the old walls of Mazagan, too, were flitting swiftly to and fro numbers of swallows and martins, some of which, one liked to imagine, would not very long hence be hawking and sunning themselves over the lush pastures of England.

### BIRDS NEAR MOGADOR.

Among British birds seen near Mogador, which is the most southerly of the Atlantic Coast towns of Morocco, were little stints, sandpipers, dunlins and a couple of grey plover. These were all observed in or about a shallow stream which flows into Mogador Bay. About the bay itself were, among other seaweeds, black-headed gulls. Of other native African birds noticed in the same locality were various species which I had seen before in North and South Africa, viz., cranes, storks and lovely little egrets, perfect in their plumage of shining white. Little egrets never to my mind look so fascinating as when perched on the backs of wild game, such as buffalo, which they especially affect. In Morocco, however, where heavy game is scarcer than in other parts of Africa, they are well content to betake themselves in their search for parasites to the backs of domestic cattle. The buff-backed heron, another beautiful species, whose serious diminution has been recently observed in Egypt, is another Moorish heron often to be noticed in picturesque attendance on cattle. Of all these birds the stints, sandpipers, dunlins, grey plovers and black-headed gulls appealed to one perhaps most distinctly. One could earmark them instantly as British, though they are, indeed, truly cosmopolitan birds, favouring many parts of the world's surface in their far wanderings.

### THE GOLDFINCH IN AFRICA.

To the average Briton not well acquainted with North Africa, one of the most surprising features noticeable among the birds of Morocco is the abundance of goldfinches throughout the country. From Tangier to Mogador they are constantly to be seen, and in every town they may be noticed in captivity. So common are they that at Saffi we were offered a small cage containing four of these handsome little creatures for a shilling. Threepence apiece for goldfinches, with the cage thrown in, seems very little money to English folk, and



it was not surprising to find that some numbers of these birds accompanied us as captives on the voyage home. One is glad to be able to say that the hardy little creatures survived the voyage and did well on their passage. Personally, as I am not an admirer of wild birds in captivity, I was not responsible for this kidnapping. I noticed goldfinches as far South as Mogador,  $31\frac{1}{2}$  deg. north of the Equator, and I believe they are found even in the

province of Soos, in the extreme south of the Morocco Empire. These birds differed in no respect from our familiar English species; all those that I saw were in excellent condition, and seemed to thrive as much in the hot sunshine of the land of the Moors as in our own country. They are found also in the neighbouring Canaries as well as at Madeira, in which islands they are also common as cage-birds. H. A. B.

## FROM THE FARMS.

### FRUIT BOTTLING.

**M**ISS FAITHFULL sends us the following account of the method of bottling fruit adopted in the college at Studley: Fruit used should be sound and not fully ripe. After picking over, heading and tailing in the case of gooseberries, black currants, etc., it is packed tightly down in the bottles, care being taken to keep the outside layer even. All the fruit should be carefully graded and only the best used. The bottles of fruit are then filled to the top with water; rubber rings (which should be the cylindrical ones) are soaked in warm water and put round the necks of the bottles, and the tops tightly clipped on. The bottles are next stood in the steriliser, which is filled with water halfway up the bottles, or rather more if gas or fire heat is used, and closed with the thermometer in position. The temperature is run up very slowly (not more than 1 deg. per minute), so that the process should take from 1 hr. 40 min. to 2 hr. When the required temperature is reached, steam is regulated so that it remains steady for 20 min. to 30 min., according to the kind of fruit. The bottles should, if possible, be left in the steriliser till cold. In any case they must not be unclipped till cold. When this is done, the caps should be firmly fixed and the bottles entirely airtight. When bottling in bottles with De Luca tops, these are half screwed down before sterilising, and the final tight screw given when the bottles are finished, but while still hot. Bottles which have been imperfectly sterilised or capped can be done again.

### TEMPERATURES.

Gooseberries .....	160—165 deg. Fahr.
Plums .....	160—165 "
Cherries .....	160 "
Raspberries .....	155 "
Red Currants .....	155 "
Peaches .....	155—160 "
Apricots .....	155—160 "

Hard fruits may all be bottled in water, but the choice fruits do better in a weak sugar solution.

### THE CULTIVATION OF MANGOLDS.

On this subject an interesting leaflet has been issued by the Board of Trade and Agriculture. The mangold crop is one of growing importance as a food for dairy cows, for ewes after lambing and even for pigs and poultry. The roots store well, and so provide an admirable crop for summer use, while in winter, when pulped and mixed with chaff and fed in conjunction with cake and meal, they form an excellent ration for keeping up and increasing the milk yield. There are several varieties, including the Globe, Intermediate, Tankard and Long Mangolds. The mangold, being a root crop, naturally follows a corn crop. It allows the ground to be thoroughly cultivated and clean, and being a deep root, assists in getting the land into good "heart" for the next crop. Manuring is of great importance with mangolds, and the farmer may either use farmyard manure alone, artificial manure alone, or a combination of the two. The writer of the leaflet is rather inclined to favour the last of these courses. If farmyard manure be alone employed it is diverted from other crops for which it might be more useful. The objection to the use of artificials by themselves is that the next crop would not be so good. The usual and best combination is to use dung supplemented by artificials. The dung should be at least 10 tons per acre supplemented with from 1 cwt. to 1½ cwt. of nitrate of soda. Phosphates are of less importance, and 3 cwt. to 4 cwt. of super-phosphates will usually suffice. Potash in the form of kainit is also beneficial.

### "FARMING FOR LADIES."

Women who are thinking of engaging in agriculture cannot do better than procure a little book published under this title by Messrs. Vinton and Co. and written by Edith E. Parr. She deals with a small holding of twenty or thirty acres, and is extremely practical. Her labour is done by a lad of seventeen, who lives in and is hired for about £10 a year and his board,

lodging and washing. Her stock consists largely of cows, and she prefers Jerseys as being small eaters, very pretty and making the best butter. For a farm of twenty acres she advises that five cows be kept, which will allow of one being dry while four are in milk. Her directions about feeding and housing the cows are sensible and to the point. In disposing of the produce of the cows, she gives a few plain directions about butter-making, tells how a simple cream cheese may be fashioned and gives a recipe for producing Devonshire cream; she also treats of the rearing of calves. The next division of the book is devoted to the management of pigs. Where there is a dairy these animals can usually be kept at considerable profit; where the food has to be purchased they do not do much more than pay their way. Sheep and lambs she describes as her favourite stock on a farm, and holds that they can be made to pay better than anything else if done on a small scale. But directly double figures are reached a stockman is required capable of taking charge in the lambing season, which would, of



THE COW FOR A SMALL HOLDING.

course, mean higher wages. To poultry not much space is given, as the authoress says so much has been published before on it. Ducks she would keep in the orchard, and she has found turkeys tiresome to rear, but paying extremely well. The garden is dismissed in a paragraph. "Everyone in the country must have a garden: vegetables cannot be bought, and are also essential for poultry and pigs. Plenty of green stuff for winter use, cabbages of all kinds, borecole, broccoli, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, asparagus, kale, besides onions in great variety, parsnips, carrots, turnips, beetroot, celery; potatoes are cheaper to buy except early ones, unless you have a large garden. Flowers, a good herbaceous border, and a good rose-bed above all, then such easy growing things as Mrs. Sinkins pinks, violas, forget-me-nots, wallflowers and hosts of annuals, but all this takes time, and must be regulated according to time and means, with occasional outside labour." Useful directions are also given about the purchase, feeding and general management of a pony and the best cart to keep. Many people will turn with greater interest, however, to the conclusion, which deals with the financial side of the question. She says she would not advise anyone to start farming unless with, at the beginning, a clear income of £50 per annum, and £200 available capital for the purchase of live and dead stock and for food. Miss Parr does not think much of poultry, though if a good market can be obtained for new-laid eggs some revenue may be derived from this source. Cows she estimates at £10 per cow profit, but does not seem to us to take much account of the accidents to which Jerseys are liable. Pigs she seems to have done well out of, and so with lambs. Another indirect source of income is the possession of a cottage that will do to live in during

the summer months when the farmhouse may be let; paying guests may be taken in during the spring, and pupils also can be kept. In all this, of course, she is speaking in somewhat general terms. We cannot help thinking that it would have been more satisfactory if in each case she had quoted the exact figures from her own experience.

## POEMS OF THE WINDOW-PANE.

It was a common practice in the past to inscribe names and rhymes on window-panes. Dean Swift was ever ready to voice his aversions on glass. He used to stay for the night on his way to and from Ireland at the Yacht Inn at Chester, and on one occasion invited the Cathedral dignitaries to supper with him; but his invitation was treated with silent contempt, and not one turned up. He revenged himself by scratching on the window of the hostelry:

Rotten without, and mouldering within,  
This place and its clergy are all near akin.

Willoughby is situated about five miles from Rugby, and has an inn called the Four Crosses. It was originally known as the Three Crosses. Dean Swift once visited the house, resented the reception he received from the hostess, and wrote on a window-pane a couplet as follows:

You have three crosses at your door,  
Hang up your wife, and you'll have four.

The name of the inn was changed, but the pane is still to be seen to confirm the truth of the tale. Swift had the pen of the ready writer, and could indite striking couplets. During his residence at his living in the County of Meath, before he was advanced to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, he was daily shaved by the village barber, who won his esteem. The barber one morning, when busy lathering Swift, said he had a great favour to ask his reverence, adding that at the suggestion of his neighbours he had taken a small public-house at the corner of the churchyard. He hoped with the two businesses to make a better living for his family.

"Indeed," said the future Dean, "and what can I do to promote the happy union?"

"And please you," said the barber, "some of our customers have heard much about your reverence's poetry; so that, if you would but condescend to give me a smart little touch in that way to clap under my sign, it might be the making of me and mine for ever."

"But what do you intend for your sign?" enquired the cleric.

"The Jolly Barber," if it please your reverence, with a razor in one hand and a full pot in the other."

"Well," rejoined Swift, "in that case there can be no great difficulty in supplying you with a suitable inscription." Taking up a pen, he instantly wrote the following couplet, which was duly painted on the sign and remained there for many years:

Rove not from pole to pole, but step in here,  
Where naught excels the shaving but—the beer.

Robert Burns wrote numerous lines on the panes in tavern windows. On a pane of glass at the Queensbury Arms, Sanquhar, he scratched the following lines:

Ye gods! ye gave to me a wife  
Out of your grace and favour,  
To be a comfort to my life;  
And I was glad to have her.  
But if your Providence divine  
For other ends design her,  
To obey your will at any time  
I'm ready to resign her.

Another of his rhymes is as follows:

Envy, if thy jaundiced eye  
Through this window chance to pry,  
To thy sorrow, thou wilt find  
All that's generous, all that's kind;  
Virtue, friendship, every grace,  
Dwelling in this happy place.

On the window-panes of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, are several lines written by Burns. The following inscription refers to the charms of the daughter of the factor of Closeburn estate, when the poet resided at Ellisland:

O lovely Polly Stewart,  
O charming Polly Stewart,  
There's not a flower that blooms in May  
That's half as fair as thou art.

Some editions of Burns's poems include the following verse, stated to have been copied from a window of the same hostelry:

The greybeard old Wisdom may boast of his treasures;  
Grant me with gay Folly to live;  
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures;  
But Folly has raptures to give.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century there was written on a window-pane of a wayside inn near Harewood Bridge, on the Leeds and Harewood road:

Gaily I lived, as Ease and Nature taught,  
And passed my little Life without a thought;  
I wonder, then, why Death, that tyrant grim,  
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

Under the foregoing the following was added:

Ah! Why forget that Death should think of thee;  
If thou art Mortal, such must surely be;  
Then rouse up reason, view thy hastening end,  
And lose no time to make God thy friend.

A genial parson, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, seems to have found an inn which greatly pleased him. It was situated between Northallerton and Boroughbridge. He used to visit the house daily to smoke his pipe and take his glass. The following lines he inscribed on one of the window-panes. We give a literal copy:

Here in my wicker chair I sitt,  
From folly far, and far from witt,  
Content to live, devoid of care,  
With country folks and country fare;  
To listen to my landlord's tale,  
And drink his health in Yorkshire ale;  
Then smooak and read the York Courant;  
I'm happy, and 'tis all I want.  
Though few my tythes, and light my purse,  
I thank my God it is no worse.

In the old coaching days, the Dog and Doublet at Sandon, Staffordshire, was a popular house. A guest wrote on one of the window-panes the following recommendation:

Most travellers to whom these roads are known  
Would rather stay at Sandon than at Stone!  
Good chaises, horses, treatment, and good wines  
They always meet with at James Ballantine's.

A penniless poet wrote on a tavern window-pane as follows:

O Chalk! to me, and to the poor, a friend,  
On Thee, my life and happiness depend;  
On Thee, with joy, with gratitude I think,  
For, by thy bounty, I both eat and drink.

"Chalk" is the slang word for credit. Innkeepers kept their accounts at the back of a door, written with chalk.

On the accession of Queen Victoria, this *jeu d'esprit* was inscribed on an inn window:

The Queen is with us, the Whigs exulting say;  
For when she found us in, she let us stay.  
It may be so, but give me leave to doubt  
How long she'll keep you when she finds you out.

A somewhat longer and more romantic poem, dated 1834, at Purlwell Hall, Batley, was composed by a Miss Taylor. It is generally believed that her heart was won by a lover who did not meet with the approbation of her parents, and that they made her a prisoner in one of the rooms of the old Hall, and that there on a pane of glass she wrote the following lines:

Come, gentle Muse, wont to divert  
Corroding cares from anxious heart;  
Adjust me now to bear the smart  
Of a relenting angry heart.  
What though no being I have on earth,  
Though near the place that gave me birth,  
And kindred less regard do pay  
Than thy acquaintance of to-day:  
Know what the best of men declare,  
That they on earth but strangers are.  
Nor matter it a few years hence,  
How fortune did to thee dispense,  
If, in a palace thou hadst dwelt,  
Or, in a cell of penury felt—  
Ruled as a prince, served as a slave,  
Six feet of earth is all thoult have  
Hence give my thoughts a nobler theme  
Since all the world is but a dream  
Of short endurance.

It was customary at the Theatre Royal, York, about a century ago, for the actors to write their names on the panes of a window. On the same window was scratched the following:

The rich man's name embellished stands on brass,  
The player simply scribbles his on glass,  
Appropriate tablet to the wayward fate—  
A brittle, shining, evanescent state;  
The fogle-glass destroyed—farewell the name;  
The actor's glass consumed—farewell his fame.

In conclusion we may quote an epigram written under a pane disfigured with autographs:

Should you ever chance to see  
A man's name writ on glass,  
Be sure he owns a diamond,  
And his parent owns an ass.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.



## SHOOTING.

DIFFERENCE OF FLIGHT OF BIRDS IN  
DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us: "I have been reading the letter of 'Ballyhooly' in your issue of March 30th, and some remarks about the difference in the flight of snipe at different times and in different weather. Of course, this is all quite true, but what seems to be overlooked is that all this happens with other birds also." He goes on at a considerable length to remark quite justly that the woodcock is a very different bird, so far as the difficulty of shooting him goes, at one time from what he is at another; and so, too, though the difference is not so noticeable in their case, the pheasant and the partridge fly very variously one time and another. Of course, we all know quite well that the woodcock which comes out to us in the open when we are standing outside a covert is a very different bird indeed, so far as relates to his shooting, from the same bird dashing in and out of the tree stems within that covert. We have seen woodcocks coming down a steep wooded hillside covert in that way on a Welsh mountain, twisting in and out of the stems, so that only by the merest fluke could that bird be killed by a gunshot. These are the places—these Welsh, Scotch and Irish hillside coverts and the like—where the pheasant is indeed a very different bird from one at the end of a flat Norfolk covert. Especially if a wind is blowing, he comes down those hillsides at any elevation which you are pleased to make by standing as far down in the valley as you like, and at any curve downward or sideward, or combining the two curves which may seem best to him; and when you have these idiosyncrasies all much emphasised by the tearing winds which are very apt to prevail in these coombes, then you may indeed doubt whether you are shooting at the same species of bird as that which it was so monotonous to keep on killing at short range as he came out, about the height of a moderate room, from the coverts in East Anglia. It is not all East Anglian coverts, to be sure, from which the pheasants cannot be persuaded to show themselves a little better than this, but at all events in that flat region it requires some persuasion. On the Welsh hills you could hardly make them come easy shots if you would, and the average birds are such as to make the Norfolk-bred shooter stare and rub his eyes. But no matter how true all this is of the woodcock and the pheasant, the case with them is still not quite on all fours with that of the snipe. These others fly very differently at different times, and so, too, does the snipe—so far they are analogous enough. But then the woodcock and the pheasant fly differently

at different times because of different circumstances. The snipe flies very differently at one time and at another, although the circumstances (weather perhaps excepted) are not changed at all. The pheasant, as a matter of course, comes to us with a curving flight over the trees of a covert which is itself set at all manners of strange curves. He could hardly do otherwise. And the ground admits of our standing as far below him as we like; so, naturally, he affords a very interesting shot. The woodcock going hither and thither among tree stems is compelled to dodge quickly this way and that in order to make his way through them at all, and if in addition to this the ground is sloping, he cannot help giving a shot which is almost impossible. With the snipe, however, the case is quite otherwise. He is practically always going over fairly flat ground, unencumbered with trees, when we put him up; yet sometimes he will twist this way and that, just as if he imagined that he had to avoid the tree stems which make the woodcock dash hither and thither in covert, and yet at another time the snipe will fly straightforwardly, just as the woodcock will when he comes out of the covert into the open. The woodcock shares a little of the snipe's peculiarity in that, sometimes, even on quite open ground, he will fly in a most twisty, elusive way; but, as a rule, he is an easy bird to shoot except among trees. Not so the little snipe. He is never easy, though sometimes he is more difficult than at others. Doubtless, the flight of all birds, as, indeed, the movements of all animals, is influenced by the conditions (tonic or the reverse to their constitutions) of the weather, and especially by the height of the temperature. Rabbits, as is very well known, will bolt much better in some conditions of weather than in others, and will also run much better when pushed out from gorse bushes or grass tussocks. Pheasants, partridges, grouse, all fly faster, higher and less straight and steadily than usual in certain states of the atmosphere. The snipe is not exceptional. It is only that in his case the difference is much more marked than with the others. Nor does it follow that because a certain condition of the weather has a certain known effect on the flight of the snipe in one part of the country, it will therefore have a like effect in other parts. The local differences in habit of the same species of animal are far from being understood. There are parts of the East Coasts where the rabbits never will bolt freely to the ferrets unless there be a strong wind. It does not seem to matter much from which direction the wind comes, so long as it blows hard enough. Yet this is by no means generally the case. The regions in which this habit of the rabbits prevails are of light sandy soil, such as is found in a great many places all round the seacoast. Yet it does not by any means happen that this habit of the rabbits is common wherever



W. Reid.

THEIR TURN TO COME.

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this character of soil is found. It is locally peculiar. And so, also, there are many other local peculiarities, of which the explanation is not yet forthcoming, in the habits of the same species of many of our birds and other animals. We all know the classic instance of over-hasty generalisation—the man who said “All Belgian women have red hair—at least, the only one I ever knew had.” It is an error in practical logic against which we cannot be too constantly on our guard in forming our judgments about the ways of animals.

#### THE MOTHER HARE AND LEVERETS.

There is at least one subject of interest to the shooter and the naturalist on which we certainly seem to want a little more light, and the present season looks rather as if it might be exceptionally favourable for obtaining the illumination. It is now said by some keepers that a mother hare will deposit her young ones in various places, and that she will sometimes have as many as five leverets at once. The old idea used to be that two were perhaps an outside number. Mr. J. G. Millais, whose opinion must carry much weight, has definitely committed himself to the “five” estimate and to the idea that the leverets are distributed in different places, in his fine work on “British Mammals”; but, unfortunately, he does not make it quite clear on what authority or evidence he bases the estimate. Many keepers scout the idea that the mother hare has as many babies as this; but their view has to be received always with a certain reserve, because of the great tendency of all their class to regard with suspicion and scorn any theory which is not in accordance with the traditions in which they have been brought up. At all events, the position at present is one of strongly-divided opinions, and this spring may give a better opportunity than most for arriving at a true estimate of the facts, because the herbage is so backward that the ways of the beasts of the field will be less secret than they usually are. Certainly the number of leverets as compared with the number of hares one commonly sees would seem to point to the hare's family being somewhat larger than used to be supposed.

#### CLEANLINESS OF PHEASANT COOPS A NECESSITY.

One of the essentials for successful pheasant-rearing, which is hardly sufficiently realised by a good many, is the absolute cleanliness of the coops.

It is a matter which is left too often to the care of the keeper, who is probably not scrupulous in his attention to this detail, and is seldom properly looked into by the master. For the cleansing of the coops the best recognised mode is to dip them in chloride of lime. The best way to effect this is to have a large wooden tub, such as any estate carpenter can make, and dip the coops in, say, four at a time. It is a precaution which does not take long. This is well known; there is, however, another method of cleaning the coops which is much less known, but is effective. It is not here suggested by way of an alternative to the other, but rather as a supplementary precaution in order to make assurance doubly sure. At some pheasant-rearing places it is used previously to the dipping in the lime, and it is claimed that by its use enteric has been avoided in a year when it was very prevalent on neighbouring estates.

#### FORMALIN FUMIGATING.

This supplementary precaution is to infuse the coops with the gas of formalin. The method is simple. It is suggested by the formalin fumigation of Board schools, etc., whereby it is claimed that some, at least, of the epidemic and very disagreeable ills that school-children flesh is heir to are purified away. The formalin stoves are well known, and can be bought, so to speak, anywhere. The method of treating pheasant coops is to pile up as many of the coops as possible in a room, which can be made air-tight by sealing up windows and doors, plugging keyholes and so on. Then, if the formalin stove be set alight, with the cake of formalin ready for conversion into gas, this gas will penetrate all the hiding-places of every germ which the coops may hold; and if, in addition to this, the coops are subsequently dipped in the chloride of lime, it must be a very tough microbe indeed that will survive this double baptism of fire. It is quite possible, where pheasants' eggs are set under hens in enclosed places, to fumigate the hen-houses with the formalin in the same manner, and in any case where the pheasants are brought up in proximity to barn-door poultry the greatest care should be taken to ensure the absolute cleanliness of the hen-houses and all appurtenances, for there is little doubt that pheasants have often suffered badly from disease contracted from poultry, although the latter were little if at all the worse for the ills which they transmitted.

[Further notes on Shooting will be found on our later pages.]

## ON THE GREEN.

### THE SELECTION OF “INTERNATIONALS.”

JUST at this time, when the big events of the golf year are imminent, everyone who is interested in the doings of the better players—and there is a deal of this unselfishness in the golfing world—is looking at the results of the matches with the view of trying to find out the most likely amateur or open champion. It is natural that those who have anything to do with the selection of such a side as that which must represent England against Scotland, or *vice versa*, as the case may be, regard these matches which precede the greater events with a peculiar interest, “seeking a sign” as to who should be selected. On either side there are certain selections which are palpable and inevitable. That Mr. John Ball should head the side for the English in the amateur international match seems like a law of Nature. He has been the obvious figure-head ever since the institution of the international match, and for many years before, for, although Mr. Hilton for several years was decidedly a better score player—in fact, as good a score player as any of the professionals—Mr. Ball was always more fancied as a match player, and after we have said that we have almost at once come to an end of those who should, without further question, represent England. Perhaps Mr. Fry, by right of many previous fights, perhaps Mr. Mitchell, by right of the hammering he gave Mr. Robb last year, perhaps Mr. Barry, by right of a championship won two years ago, perhaps Mr. Hilton, though he is not the golfer that he was, Mr. Pease, Mr. Colt, Mr. de Zoete, Mr. Darwin, Mr. Castle, Mr. Lingen, Mr. Osmund Scott, Mr. Barker, who won in Ireland, Mr. Smirke, Mr. C. O. H. Sewell, Mr. O. C. Bevan, Mr. Crowther, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. H. E. Taylor—perhaps ever so many more, but not very decidedly any one of these more than any other. They might almost as well be jumbled in a hat and the first that came out be taken to fill the numbers to make up the team. One selector would take some and another pick others; and that does not make any easier the extremely invidious task of the men who consent to sacrifice themselves as selectors.

There has been some good golfing lately at Hoylake, good play and good sides—the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society against the Royal Liverpool Club. The Society did extremely well, on the whole, in that contest, and, as the



MR. PARISH ON THE THIRTEENTH TEE.

reckoning was made, obtained an official half, but they were rather heavily worsted in the singles, and only squared the whole match by some very good wins in the foursomes. As indications—for as much as those given by one round can be worth—of relative individual merit one must take the single matches. Mr. Barry, although said to be recovering his old form, was very badly beaten by Mr. Ball, and Mr. Robertson-Durham was even more hardly hammered by Mr. Graham. The former contest was between two Englishmen, the second between two Scots, for Mr. Graham plays for Scotland, though he learnt all his golf in England. Mr. Hilton won a close and well-contested match from Mr. Colt, which seems to show Mr. Hilton in better form again. In all this, however, and in the rest of the decisions, there is not much to guide the poor selector through his troubles. If the international match and the amateur and open championships took place at a different time of year, there might be let loose upon them the whole pack of the learned golfers—that is to say, the undergraduates and the schoolmasters; but as the matter stands, the calls of duty keep these possible champions at their respective





SIR H. SETON-KARR USING A CLEFT.

from Mr. Ball and Mr. Graham in a foursome match in the afternoon. The latter pair ought to be terribly strong at Hoylake, but, as a matter of fact, I expect that the game of both is rather better in a single. Both are singularly self-reliant players, which is not quite the quality you want in a foursome. These are speculations, however, which might lead us far off the course into the many bunkers of psychology, and in any case it was a fine match for Mr. Colt and Mr. Croome to win. Mr. Montmorency and Mr. Hoffman beat Mr. Hilton and Mr. Dick, Mr. Montmorency having previously beaten Mr. Dick in a very close match in the morning.

If the championship dates were changed, so as to set free all the learned brigade to take a part in them, we should certainly have a larger supply of material to draw on for our English team—how it might be with the Scottish I do not know—but that is by no means to say that it would make the life of the selector a more pleasant one. On the contrary, it would only multiply his complexities, his headaches and the heartaches he would occasion. As for the Scotsmen, they, perchance, are in no better case. Let us rather, with pious patriotism, hope that they are in worse. They have, at all events, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Graham (whom we have trained for them), Mr. Laidlay (who is among the veterans, but won the Honourable Company's medal the other day, and still has claims which cannot be denied), Mr. Cecil Hutchison, probably Mr. Mure Fergusson, almost certainly Mr. Edward Blackwell, Mr. Robb (the amateur champion), probably Mr. Gordon Simpson, and so on. Most likely we have forgotten some others who have an undisputed claim to play; but their selectors are likely to be bothered with a number all about equal for the final places, just as our own selectors are bothered. Let us hope, like good Englishmen, that they will make a mess of it, will choose those who are off their game, instead of on, for it is undoubtedly time that we won one of these international matches. Last year at midday we looked like easy winners, but luncheon seemed to make cowards of us all.

#### THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

WRITING on the eve of the University match, which will be decided before these words are read, it would be rushing on one's fate to attempt to forecast the event. It has to be admitted, however, that plenty of forecasting has been attempted already, and always to one tune—that Cambridge is sure of a very easy victory. No doubt men who are so brave must be right. At the same time, it ought to be noticed that Oxford seems to have a steadily-improving team. It has some really fine players, among whom it may not be

seats of learning, and we the ignorant remainder, the submerged nine-tenths, have to get on as best we may without them. There were two at least of these possible international players for England (we might, perhaps, call Mr. Montmorency a very probable player, if he could get away) engaged on the Oxford and Cambridge Society's side against Hoylake. Mr. Croome was the other of these, and perhaps the best work that the Society put in was the win of Mr. Croome and Mr. Colt

invidious to name specially Mr. Robertson-Durham, and one or two—such as Lord Maidstone and his brother, Mr. Denys Finch-Hatton—who are both able to play quite brilliantly when things are going well with them. On the Cambridge side there is Mr. A. G. Barry, the ex-champion, particularly, and he is said to be playing very well just now, having recovered his game after being off it for a long spell. Cambridge will probably have won by the time the censorious reader is criticising these well-meant comments; but perhaps it will not be by quite so large a margin as some of the prophets have foretold.

#### THE LONDON FOURSOMES.

The prophet who selects the fortunes of such an uncertain game as golf for the display of his gifts has every reason to advertise himself when, for once, his prophecies come at all near the mark. Mr. Darwin and Mr. Mitchell, representing Woking, were the pair chosen by the present prophet as most likely to win the London Foursomes Tournament from the beginning of that contest. Probably they had a certain measure of good luck, with which, no less probably, they could quite well have dispensed. Mr. Abercromby was prevented from playing with Mr. Taylor against them in the semi-final, and it is likely that Mr. Healey did not make as strong a combination with Mr. Taylor as that originally arranged. The balance of nine holes, by which the Woking pair won this match, does not look as if the others were in great strength. It is a pity that all the clubs could not play at full force, but it is not easy to get just the four men you want together on a certain day, and to undertake to play right through a competition lasting so long. That is the trouble of the foursome tournament plan. Of the other pair in the final we have not heard a great deal up to now, but we may expect to hear considerably more of one, at least, of them in the future.

#### CRICKETING GOLFERS.

Another foursome competition in which good and interesting matches have been played is the Cricketing Golfers' Society's tournament. The match in which Mr. G. W. Hillyard and Mr. Marriott just beat Mr. F. S. Jackson and Mr. Ernest Smith, who won last year, was a very well fought one, and only decided at the last hole of the thirty-six. The other semi-final tie in this contest furnished a singular illustration of the difficulty of getting the right four men together on the same day. Kent and Hampshire were the opposing counties, and the former were on the point of scratching, owing to Mr. Burnup's being unable to play, when, at the eleventh hour, Mr. Hutchings, the great Kent bat, secured his own brother as a partner in Mr. Burnup's place. When Hampshire appeared, Mr. Lacey was so bad with a sprain in the back that they telegraphed for Mr. H. W. Forster to take his place. But Mr. Forster, as it seems, could not be spared from whipping in the Opposition; at all events, he did not arrive. Therefore, Mr. Lacey went out bravely, bad back and all, but could not pull off the match, and accordingly Kent meets Leicestershire in the final.

#### THE KING OF SPAIN AS A GOLFER.

H. M. King Alfonso is reported to be proving an adept pupil in the hands of Grassiat, the young Biarritz professional, who has been in Madrid for some little while for the special purpose of teaching the King the game which has always been called the Royal and Ancient. Grassiat, who learnt more by imitation of Massey than in any other way, is probably, after Massey, the best player produced by France, and the golf of Spain is thus in good hands.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### RIBBED IRON FACES.

IT has become a settled habit, both among club-makers and players, to accept the ribbed-faced iron club as one of the inevitable developments of the modern game. All clubs are sold nowadays with markings on the face, just as all balls are manufactured according to one uniform pattern of marking. All players have accepted the ribbed face as the indispensable accompaniment of the American gift of the rubber-core ball; and all our professionals, who naturally set the fashion for us in these things, seem to be agreed that an iron



MR. R. K. CAUSTON DRIVING.

club without a ribbed face cannot bring to them and to us such effective results in play as one which has some special form of *flettrissure*. Why has the ribbed face of the iron club become so universal? Is there a solid reason in physics for its use, or is it the effect of one man's whim which has been stereotyped into a permanent fashion, and to question the utility of which would mean the outpourings of ridicule on the claim of any objector who is disinclined to subscribe to all the playing virtues popularly ascribed to the ribbed face? As a general rule all golfers of experience know how the fashion is set in these playing expedients. The leading professionals are so scientific in their play, so certain to strike a shot nine times out of ten in the way in which they intended, so invariably accurate, as to lead the unthinking observer to believe that their practice of the difficult golfing art is automatic and mechanical. It matters scarcely a "bottle" to them what form of club and ball they play with. The attendant results are, on a high average, pretty uniform; and when either the learner or the mature golfer, anxious to improve his playing form, sees what can be achieved by a certain form of club, he mentally resolves that he will buy a similar club and practise assiduously with it. But the realisation is hardly ever commensurate with the fond hope. In the old days at Musselburgh once, an amateur who played a good deal with Bob Ferguson coveted a cleek with which the old champion played brilliantly. He thought that if he could buy that cleek his faulty game through the green would be soon a fast fading memory to him. For 18s. he weaned the old professional to part with the club—of course, very reluctantly—but the amateur's game becoming worse instead of better, despite the aid of the much-coveted acquisition, the club finally changed hands to another aspiring cleek player at the modest figure of 2s. 6d. So it is with the ribbed-faced irons of to-day. Someone set the vogue because he believed that it suited his own style of play; all the professionals have given the ribbed face the hall-mark of their approval, and to be without half-a-dozen ribbed-faced irons in your bag is to be crotchety and prehistoric.

But the important question for golfers to turn over in their minds is whether or not the fashion of ribbing all the iron clubs is or is not based on any fact or theory of scientific value. A popular fashion which has been set in the playing of a game need not necessarily square with a sound theory of effective utility; and though all the professionals swear by the ribbed face at present, it does not therefore follow that the practice will remain unchangeable. The theory of our leading players is that the ribbed face on the iron clubs prevents the rubber-core ball from skidding off the polished surface of metal. But that was an invariable habit incidental to the use of the gutta ball. If you wanted to see whether you had hit your cleek or iron shot truly and well, you always scanned the face of the club to see whether or not the paint left on the metal indicated skidding, or, translated into the language of the physicist, whether an undue amount of underspin had been imparted to the ball. Even with the gutta many players adopted the ribbed face, but its use never became either popular or widespread. Its advantage was never apparent in giving either a longer or a truer shot in direction, and the ribbed face certainly had the great drawback of chipping the paint off the balls abominably quickly. The same disadvantage is seen in the use of the ribbed face to-day. It does not prevent skidding, it does not prevent the ball from getting up as high in the air as off the unribbed face, it does not give a longer carry and it minimises in no degree the blunders of the slice and the pull. The ribbed face, moreover, is very hard on the balls, for it chips off the paint, and very often leads to minor and almost imperceptible cracks in the outer shell which are bound to impair the flight of the ball very rapidly.

If it be admitted that the rubber-core ball has the quality of leaving the iron-club face more quickly when struck than was the case with the gutta, it does not follow that the ribbing of the irons is the best expedient to adopt in order to secure carry as well as straightness of direction. As between the horizontal ribbing of the blade and the punching of a mass of small holes in the centre, the last-named expedient would seem to be the better device. Theoretically, the horizontal ribbing would seem to conduce to an extra amount of underspin being given to the ball, and therefore to a curtailment in its length of flight and run. The punched dots would not, in theory, seem to have this defect, for their surface is so minute that they scarcely amount to more than giving the player a "grip" of his ball with the clubhead. It would also seem that some of the effective striking surface of the clubhead is taken away in the ribbed heads, for obviously only the portions of the blade that are prominent come in contact with the ball, thereby perhaps imparting to it in its flight a variety of spins and deflections which it is the main object of the player to avoid, especially in wet weather. It is just this element of "grip," moreover, in the iron and wooden clubs which the golfer has been for more than a generation groping his way darkly to find. Young Tom Morris played all his important matches with new beech heads, extra roughened in the face with the file; and on every match and medal day

there was a constant stream of players to the club-maker's shop to have the faces of the wooden clubs refiled and roughened. This was to secure "grip" in the head for the gutta ball. Some of the old golfers carried the theory into the domain of the iron clubs by refraining from having the metal blades polished. Their theory was that a dirty, and even a rusty, iron blade "bit" the ball and carried it in a truer and better flight than a cleek or iron that gleamed in the morning sun like quick-silver. Others again had a small leather face let into their cleek blades so as to hinder the ball from skidding in very hot and dry weather. Billiard chalk, too, was used both for wooden and iron clubs long before Taylor set the fashion here; so that the expedients being adopted to-day to secure "grip" with the rubber-core are all in the direction of following a well-known and familiar cycle of proved experiment. The object, then, of the ribbed-faced iron is to give "grip" to the rubber-core ball. But that end could surely be attained in these days of higher scientific attainment by some of our manufacturers trying the experiment of making the centre of our cleeks and irons dull and tenacious by some process in their workshops. The object aimed at is to prevent skidding, not to impart spin; and it cannot be beyond the resources of metallurgy and chemistry to provide golfers with such a surface as they need for their iron clubs. What the game needs to-day also is a scientific successor to the late Professor Tait, who will determine by a series of experiments whether or not there is more driving power, as well as better flight, obtainable by the ribbed iron faces over the aforetime smooth face. At present we are all content to rely, not on settled theory, but on the vagaries of personal predilection and professional *obiter dicta*.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS v. RANELAGH.

THE House of Commons did not put their strongest team of players into the field against their old opponents at Ranelagh on Saturday last, and the result was that the members were rather easily beaten. The absence of Mr. H. W. Forster, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Mr. F. H. Newnes, Mr. C. E. Hambro and Mr. A. J. Balfour made a difference to the strength of the playing side. In the singles no member of Parliament won a match, Major Seely and Mr. D. Schwann being successful only in winning a bye. In the foursomes the House of Commons were a little more successful, for Mr. Pease and Mr. Acland won substantially by 6 and 5 over Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., and Mr. Callendar; but the final result was to leave the legislators in a minority of 12½ points. The best rounds on the winning side were made by Mr. J. H. Neat, who had an average of four for sixteen holes, and Mr. H. Fisher Smith, who went round in 74. The closest match was that between Mr. A. W. Soames, M.P., and Mr. Montrose Cloete. The last-named was 6 up at the turn, but coming home Mr. Soames reduced the lead gradually, and left Mr. Cloete a putt at the last hole to win the match.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

#### BRAID AND VARDON AT ILKLEY.

Vardon and the open golf champion assisted on Saturday at the opening of a new pavilion erected by the Ilkley Moor Golf Club. The event afforded a clear indication of the forward movement of golf in the county of broad acres. For some years after the original Ilkley Club moved their quarters from the moor into the valley and laid out an excellent eighteen-hole course alongside the Wharfe, the moorland nine-hole course was entirely neglected. Now, however, a strong young club has grown up, largely through the persistent efforts of Mr. James Hillyard, who was entrusted with the formal opening of the new building on Saturday, and was presented with a handsome gilt key in honour of the occasion. The pavilion is situated in most charming surroundings. This is one of the prettiest parts of Turner's loved Wharfedale, and nowhere can better views of the varied and picturesque scenery with which Ilkley abounds be obtained than from the different points of this breezy moorland golf links. Although at a high elevation, the clubhouse is only about a quarter of an hour's walk from the railway station. Vardon and Braid gave a fine exposition of the game before a delighted crowd of spectators. The champion had slightly the best of it in the short game. The match was all square at the eleventh hole, but after that Braid drew away, and eventually won by 3 up and 2 to play. The winner's approximate score was 70 and Vardon's 73. In the afternoon a foursome was played, in which Vardon had for partner the Yorkshire and Irish champion (Mr. H. H. Barker), while Braid was partnered by Mr. F. H. Newnes, M.P. The last-named was off his game. Mr. Barker played almost perfect golf. He and Vardon made a wonderfully strong combination, and they won the match by 8 up and 7 to play. A four-ball foursome played over the last five holes by the same pairs was halved.

J. E. P.

## WHAT IS A SALMON FLY?

IN continuation of the opinions we gave last week we have pleasure in reproducing a few more in this issue. The Duchess of Bedford writes: "You ask my opinion as to the legitimacy of the salmon lure which has been the subject of litigation on the Tweed. If minnows only are illegal and 'poaching lures' are allowed, my opinion is that this lure was legal, but the sooner the Act is amended to include poaching lures the better. It would doubtless be difficult to define the fly as apart from the poaching lure, but as weighting a fly is only a step towards the minnow I should draw the line at that. I have no experience except of spring fishing on the Tay, but hitherto have been satisfied with the sport obtained without weighted flies."



The Duke of Rutland says: "You ask me whether in my opinion the fly represented in the enclosed cutting is a 'fair' fly or not. Well, I should say that as it is a salmon fly, and as no salmon fly was ever in the least like any natural fly that ever flew, it is a fair one. As a matter of fact, I think I am right in saying that salmon flies with triangles attached in various fashions have often been used on certain Scotch rivers; also I fancy I am correct in stating that the use of such triangles was

soon abandoned. Pray use my opinion on this question if it is thought to be of the smallest value."

Sir Edward Tennant writes: "I read with interest the cutting you sent. There is little doubt that the lure is illegitimate. The dressing of feathers was simply a device to make it appear legitimate. It was heavily leaded and used for the purpose of foul hooking. I hope that the case will go against the employer of such a bait or lure."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### CHILDREN IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Children all the world over—where they have any of childhood's charms left in them—are a very attractive little people, and those whose home is in the Western Highlands of Scotland possess fascinations all their own. Possibly, Englishmen would be surprised to see there tiny folk every bit as poor as the class with which they are so familiar in the slums of any large English town. Their clothing, which is of the scantiest, would be hard to beat in its evident length of service. One would not be in the least surprised to hear that it had been fashioned from garments bequeathed by great-grand-parents, so colourless and threadbare are its characteristics. Tartan—even for a kilt—is not so much in evidence as might be expected; and of head or foot gear they know absolutely nothing. All the children strike one as being of a remarkably spare build, and their characteristics are best comparable to those of the rabbit, which they resemble both in agility of movement and in running to cover on the approach of any stranger. Owing to their life in the open, and the peat smoke which is the atmosphere of the Highland shieling, their colouring is a uniform light yellow-brown, with an entire absence of rosy cheeks. From the same cause, their hair is generally bleached nearly white, and presents the shaggiest possible spectacle, for it is safe to say that among the poorest crofters a comb is an unknown article and hair-cutting an undreamt-of procedure. Outside their own class the children's shyness is phenomenal. Possibly if you constantly met a child for a week, and your smile was sufficiently reassuring and you could break the ice with a Gaelic sentence, you might receive some murmured reply. This timidity is doubtless due to the fact that before the opening up of the Clan Ronald country by the very recent extension of the West Highland Railway, visitors were a rarity—certainly not a force sufficiently strong to break down the children's native shyness for that strange being, the Sassenach. Those children with whom one may ultimately get into converse are naturally those who "have the English," and this they speak with a pretty quaintness in soft accents and invariably doubling the "s" sound. The "Hielant Laddie" whose portrait was given last week was only secured after a lengthy Gaelic admonition from his mother, much pushing from the same quarter and considerable coaxing on the part of the writer. "He was the most shy boy that ever I see any more," was the remark of a friendly fisher, who with some fellows was taking an interest in the proceedings. "So did I neither," corroborated another voice, while yet a third, proud of his mastery of English idiom, and to place the fact beyond dispute, likewise asserted "Neither did I too." But before the boy fled, unable to face the fearsome new gun any longer, the camera had captured him, and readers need have no fear that he will now escape ere they have had a good look at him.—M. E. M. DONALDSON.

[So much admiration has been expressed for the illustration of the "Hielant Laddie" which we published last week, that we have pleasure in printing the above letter from the lady who took the photograph.—ED.]

### AN OPEN-AIR SLEEPING HUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Being much interested in your article on an outdoor sleeping hut, I should like to ask what would be the cost of erecting one, and whether the village carpenter would be able to make it?—SLEEP.

[Mr. Cadby, the writer of the article, has kindly sent us a few notes that will answer our correspondent's enquiry. He writes: "The local carpenter and builder was interviewed on the subject on a Monday. On the following day a plan was inspected and passed. Nothing further seemed to happen for a week, and then in the early morning the garden was invaded. Unmeaning-looking timber in large quantities strewed the lawn, and chaos apparently reigned supreme. I had occasion to leave home that day, and did not return till the next evening, when the jumble of wood had grown into the hut shown in the photographs. The whole thing had been made in the carpenter's shop and, like the child's puzzle, only needed putting together. In a week the hut was finished, even to a coat of Stockholm tar on the outside, and I was gratefully writing a cheque for £14 14s., the estimated cost. The bedstead was home-made, a recreation job, and so cost nothing except the price of the wood, and the cost of the wooden-lathed mattresses, about which there is nothing to rust."—ED.]

### THE LADY GARDENER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to "Pomona," and incidentally to "Vir," I can only repeat what I said before, that the whole of the work was done here by the students. I did not say that we took the whole five and a-half acres in hand at once. We planted one acre with bush apples, pears and plums (two students to a tree—I am not responsible for Swanley photographs), and in the course of the same winter and spring we double dug, manured and planted rather more than an acre for vegetables, and made paths and herbaceous borders. About half an acre is occupied by a house, potting sheds, frames, etc. The rest was ploughed (by a man), sown with tares and eaten off with sheep, reploughed (by a man) and sown with mustard, eaten off again and skimmed,

after which we took it in hand—planted half with beans and cabbage and forked over the other half, hand-peeling the twitch, which was very bad. I then had a man and horse half a day to ridge up this piece, and we have planted it with potatoes. This last employment of a man was not really necessary, but we were pressed for time, and a ridging plough is quicker than line and spade. The land here is fairly light on chalk, and I agree with "Vir" that women could not work strong clay. What I wanted to make clear was that the pupils here are not fastidious, but do all the work of a garden, and I am quite willing—in fact, should be pleased—at any time to show "Vir" and "Pomona" over the school and leave them to judge whether it is well done or not.—J. S. TURNER, Superintendent of the Glynde School of Lady Gardeners.

### FOX-TERRIERS AT WORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There are so many of your readers who are interested in dogs, and especially in working terriers, that I imagine they must have noticed the statement that has been going the round of several dog-loving journals that it was the opinion of the late Fred Hollan, huntsman of the Bedale, that no fox-terrier would draw a fox out of an earth single-handed. I was surprised at this, for I am of opinion that, given the right kind of terrier, the feat can be, and, indeed, has been often performed. I wrote to a friend, who having kept a rather remarkable kennel of working terriers has had great experience, for his opinion. The reply was: "It takes a really good game terrier and one that knows what he is about to draw a fox. I have seen it done on several occasions, but always by a strongly-built compact dog, with a very powerful jaw. Mr. Chandos Pole, too, when Master of the Cattistock, owned a wire-haired dog, Veto by name, that could draw a fox from any drain. The success of the terrier depends entirely on the way he gets hold of a fox. If he goes straight up to him without any hesitation and closes instantly with him he takes his foe by surprise and gains a great advantage, and should he have the luck or cleverness to catch him by the side of the head, he can drag him out as he likes. I once saw a terrier of my own catch a jackal—a much bigger animal than a fox—in this way, and she held him firmly till the hounds came up. If a terrier has sufficient substance, pluck and intelligence he can, and will, draw a fox from a drain or burrow."—T. F. DAIR.

### FOXES AND SCENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice in COUNTRY LIFE of April 6th a question from "Curiosity" as to the idea of a cur-chased fox having no scent. This is no idea, but a matter of fact. When a dog of any kind (and in hunting parlance, every dog, not a hound, is called a "cur") chases a fox, he goes exactly on the line of the fox, thus obliterating the scent of the fox, pad and body scent alike, by interposing his own body between the fox and the pack. Now, dog will not hunt dog. He does not want to eat him, and the earliest education of a hound puppy includes "ware cur." Thus, when the pack come up to the spot where the cur joined in, the scent changes, the pack feel they are wrong, and a check ensues, even if an astute huntsman picks it up again by the time the pack get their noses down, the fox is long gone, and so he gets the credit of having lost his scent. It is this same fact that makes mute hounds so ruinous to sport. They are always jealous hunters, and are sure to get ahead, and as they do not speak to tell the rest of the pack where they are, the latter are constantly simply following one of their own number without knowing it, and when sound and scent alike fail, sport must do so also.—T. G.

### AGE OF PARROTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

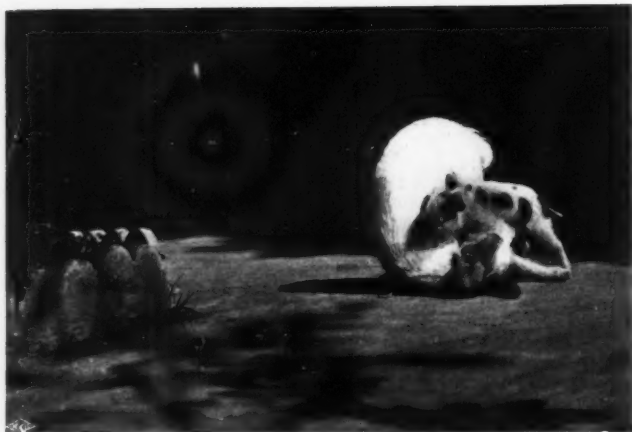
SIR,—Is not nine years an exceptionally long life for an Australian grass parakeet? A hen bird we bought at Windsor in June or July, 1898, died yesterday.—EDWARD MILNER.

[No, it is not an exceptionally long life. The grass parakeets—for there are several species in Australia included in the name—share in a measure the longevity which is characteristic of all the parrot family. In captivity the birds die of so many things besides old age that it is not often that one lives a term of nine years. Our correspondent therefore is to be congratulated on having kept his specimen so long; but it is not long for the natural life of the bird.—ED.]

### THRUSHES SINGING BY MOONLIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I would like to say in answer to "Lichen Grey," whose letter I have read with interest in COUNTRY LIFE, that I have also heard the thrushes singing in my garden as early as 4 a.m. from about March 28th. They continued to sing for a full hour. I remarked on it at the time, thinking it unusual. I may mention we are not in the country, and have only a small garden, but the thrushes were singing beautifully at full moon.—A. H., Eastbourne.



## THE PLAYFUL PIG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a snap-shot I took of my terrier and little pig playing. The pig was hand-fed and great friends with the dogs, trotting about with them everywhere. If the photograph is held lengthways and the eyes half closed the two together form an almost perfect human skull.—V. F. JEROME, Calle Ave Maria 2, Coyoacan, Mex co, D.F.

## LARVA OF THE COTALPA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be much obliged by your giving me the following information, if possible: (1) Has the larva of the Cotalpa any distinctive name? (2) In the event of it not having a name, would it ever be called a Goldsmith, as it eventually turns into a Goldsmith beetle?—M. R. POCCOCK (CAPTAIN).

[We never heard the name used of the larva, even in America, where it is so common. The name arises, of course, from the colour of the imago, and should be applied to it alone.—ED.]



## WADING AND MARSH BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your most interesting article and illustrations descriptive of the beak and feet of wading and marsh birds have reminded me of a theory I several times heard exploited by the late Mr. E. T. Booth, whose magnificent exhibition of British birds was bequeathed by him to the Borough of Brighton, and is now, together with rare specimens from noted Sussex collections, opened as a free museum to all visitors to the Queen of Watering-places. Mr. Booth held the opinion that the beak of the curlew differed in length at various seasons of the year, and contended that an elongation of some 1½ in. was to be noticed in the bill of specimens shot on the mud flats and river estuaries in winter when compared with those obtained on the high moorlands, which provide their summer habitat and nesting-place. With the length of the beak given as from 5 in. to 7 in. by the best authorities, there is evidently scope for individual variation; but to identify a specimen and take measurements of the same bird at the different seasons would be impossible in their natural haunts. When brought under observation in confinement so many uncertain quantities come in that the result could hardly be expected to be satisfactory. The pair of curlews exhibited at the Booth Museum are shown with newly-hatched young with the heather surrounding the nest, and when it is observed that the tiny stripe-backed creature possesses a bill of no greater length than that of a young plover of the same age, and must therefore put on the four or five extra inches before migrating seaward, any later elongation or shrinkage will not appear of much moment.—ERNEST ROBINSON.

## A ROBIN'S TAMENESS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I think all lovers of wild birds will be interested to hear about our tame robin. We live in the country, and in the summer always have tea out of doors. Last August we noticed a young robin, with speckled breast, which never failed to come round us at teatime to pick up crumbs, and gradually grew more and more tame. We saw its breast become orange colour and then deepen to red. As

winter drew on and it was no longer possible to have tea out of doors, we encouraged the robin to come into the house for his crumbs, and, if he happened to be within hearing, the sound of a window-sash thrown up would make him at once fly on to the sill and thence into the room, where he would hop about and sometimes sing a sweet little song. During the severe frost I taught him to come on to my hand for his crumbs by going outside with a glove on, and holding it out to him, temptingly spread with crumbs. He was afraid of the bare hand, from which he would only snatch a crumb; but he would perch on the gloved hand, and will do so still. One day this spring he was on my hand as usual, when another robin near by began to sing. Bobby was in such a hurry to answer that for a moment he forgot his shyness and sang out boldly while still perching on my hand. He is now more shy than he was during the cold weather, but never fails to come in through my bedroom window before I am up every morning to his butter-cup (he is very fond of butter), which stands on my window-seat. Of course, the crucial test of Bobby's faithfulness will be when he gets a mate and the cares of family life take up his attention. So far, however, I have not been able to discover that he has mated, and even if he should do so I am hopeful that he will then come for extra rations for his family.—ADA E. FARMER.

## THE BOLDNESS OF A SPARROW-HAWK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having read your correspondent's article on "The Boldness of a Hawk," I think the following may interest your readers: A short time ago I was standing in one of the greenhouses here when I observed a chaffinch fly in through one of the ventilators closely followed by a sparrow-hawk, who quickly caught and killed it, and, having eaten some of it, observed that I was watching. The hawk then tried to escape, and flew two or three times up and down the length of the house, dashed violently against the glass and broke its neck. I may add that there was a man working in the greenhouse at the time this happened.—V. DE C.

HUGHES, Giltown, Kilkullen, County Kildare.

## A FIELD-MOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a field-mouse I caught in a country lane. I had a camera with me, and the mouse sat still enough where it was put down, even on my wife's hand, while I took its portrait.—R. H. BENTLEY.

## AN ILLICIT STILL IN CO. FERMANAGH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The still was photographed while the men were making poteen. The spirit was made from sugar, owing to its being more cheaply and quickly prepared than when made from malt. Frequently some of the "whisky" was drunk as it came warm from the still, and not infrequently the whole of it was consumed within a few hours of its manufacture. The utensils for illicit distillation cost but little; nevertheless, a seizure is a serious matter for the distillers, who are generally poor men, for in addition to the loss of the plant, there is for any man convicted imprisonment or a fine of £6 for a first offence, increasing to £12 the second, £24 the third and so on, and there is too, I have heard, a fine on any town and on which a still is seized. When I first (in 1888) went to the locality where the photograph was made, several stills were in being near by, worked at times in the mountain, at times on islands in the neighbouring lough; but at the present time, owing to the seizures by, and the vigilance of, the R.I.C., no poteen is, I believe, made in the locality. In the wilder parts of Ireland, however, the "industry" still flourishes.—H. TREVELYAN.

